The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1931 No. 3458

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 375
EDITORIALS:
Dwight W. Morrow 377
The President, Congress, and the Navy 378
Mr. MacDonald's Score 379
Marriage and Divorce 379
Gentle Shakespeare? 380
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION . . . By Hendrik Willem van Loon 381
HOOVER AND THE PRESS. By Paul Y. Anderson 382
GERMAN SOCIALISM IN THE BALANCE. By Harry W. Laidler. 384
THE DEBTOR GETS REVENGE. THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DEPRECIATED POUND. By Maxwell S. Stewart 386
GET RID OF THAT TIN CAN! A Cartoon by Hendrik Willem van Loon 388
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 389
CORRESPONDENCE 389
FINANCE: WHY OUR GOLD IS "STERILE." By S. Palmer Harman 390

FALL BOOK SECTION

INDIVIDUALISM AND AMERICAN WRITERS. By Newton Arvin 391
THE POETRY OF CONRAD AIKEN. By Stanley J. Kunitz 393
SCREEN DOORS FOR YOUR TOMB. By Thomas Hornsby Ferrill.. 396
BOOKS:
Power-Knowledge. By Henry Hazlitt 398
Androcles and the Lioness. By George Jean Nathan 398
Not Quite Classic. By Carl Van Doren 400
Perhaps Anderson. By Horace Gregory 401
"So Wrapped in Rectitude." By Eda Lou Walton 403
Men Like Walpole. By Robert Livingston Schuyler 404
A Finished First Novel. By Clifton Fadiman 405
Books in Brief 406
Films: Musical Talkies. By Evelyn Gerstein 407
Drama: A Promise Fulfilled. By Joseph Wood Krutch 408
Some Notable Fall Books 410
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 416

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DRAMATIC EDITOR JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
LITERARY EDITOR HENRY HAZLITT
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
HEYWOOD BROUN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

CALVIN COOLIDGE'S announcement that he is for Herbert Hoover's reelection and is not himself a candidate has had one considerable result: it has brought him a large check from the *Saturday Evening Post,* in which his announcement appeared. Beyond that its effects are negligible. Everyone who knows anything of politics knew that Mr. Coolidge would have to come out for the President, while knowing also that privately Mr. Coolidge is no more enthusiastic about the Hoover Administration than the rest of his fellow-citizens. It takes a man with the force and daring of a Theodore Roosevelt to turn revolter against party rule and traditions under such conditions, and there is nothing of the revolutionist in Calvin Coolidge. The latter's announcement, moreover, does not mean that if, in an access of sanity and wisdom, the Republican convention should turn down Mr. Hoover and then decide to nominate Mr. Coolidge, he would necessarily be unwilling—if the times are then not too bad. The canny Calvin, who knew very well when to leave the White House, will not be eager to involve himself in disaster. Besides which, both he and Mr. Hoover have just had the pleasure of hearing the news that in the Congressional election held in the Seventh Missouri District on September 29, the Democratic candidate was chosen by the unprecedented majority of 9,000 votes, nearly four times what his predecessor received. It is even reported from Cincinnati that the seat of the late Speaker, Nicholas Longworth, is in doubt.

THE RECENT STATEMENTS of a number of prominent United States Senators in favor of a federal law against short selling of commodities and securities are not a very promising symptom of the attitude that the new Congress will take toward the extremely grave problems that will confront it in December. It is altogether probable that a prohibition of short selling would do vastly more harm than good. Short selling can never affect the major movements of any great world commodity or of stocks as a body; at best it can affect movements of several days or weeks, and it is very rarely that it can have any permanent adverse effect on price levels. A short sale must always eventually be completed by a purchase, and the purchase, or "covering," tends to send prices up on an average to the same extent as the preceding short sales may have sent them down. On the whole it is probable that short selling has an actual stabilizing effect; in times of panic, when an especially disturbing piece of news breaks, the repurchases of former short sellers may constitute the only substantial demand that exists. What may happen when an attempt is made to control prices by direct legislation of this sort was illustrated in 1864, when Congress passed an act forbidding all sales of gold and foreign exchange on "time" contracts. The resulting demoralization of the markets was so great that Congress repealed the act three weeks after it was passed. What is disquieting about the recent agitation against short selling is that it may deflect attention from the really basic questions. To seek to stop the fall of securities and commodities by legislating against short selling is essentially like trying to peg the thermometer as a satisfactory substitute for changing the temperature it records. It is significant that the most vociferous demand for a ban against short selling comes from the honorable Jim Watson, the same gentleman whose tragic stupidity or unmitigated gall is responsible for the suggestion that we raise our preposterous tariff still higher to protect ourselves against buying anything that Europe may have to sell.

ONE EXCUSE given for the many wage reductions recently announced is that living costs have dropped during the depression and that therefore "real wages" have increased. In some individual cases, where men have been employed full time, this is undoubtedly true. But for labor as a whole the excuse simply does not hold. In fact, according to Ethelbert Stewart, head of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, the total wage income of labor has dropped much farther than have living costs. Mr. Stewart has made public a statistical table showing that while living costs dropped 15 per cent in the period from December, 1925,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to June, 1931, the total wages paid out by manufacturing industries in the same period declined 40 per cent. Virtually the whole of the drop in wages has taken place since the depression began in 1929. In other words, then, "real wages" for the entire working class have actually decreased. It could be argued that inasmuch as the purchasing value of the dollar has increased during the depression the decrease in living costs is greater than the statistics suggest. But in reality the workingman's dollar is today worth only eighteen cents more than it was in 1925. Mr. Stewart has estimated that the net loss to the workers is "roughly 30 per cent." This means that the purchasing power of the working class has been reduced to 70 per cent of what it was a few years ago. It may be more than a coincidence that the industrial production of the country has been reduced in about the same proportion, that is, to about 70 per cent of what it was in 1929. Advocates of wage reductions might find some profit in studying the wage problem from this angle.

ALIEN RADICALS facing deportation to countries where death sentences almost certainly await them may now elect to go voluntarily to Soviet Russia instead of being sent to their native lands. The Department of Labor has so ruled in the case of Tao Hsuan Li, Chinese student of engineering at New York University. Tao was arrested a year ago on a charge of being an active Communist and therefore deportable under the immigration laws. The department announced that he would be sent to China, and it maintained this position despite the flood of protests it received from many persons who insisted that the department's action was tantamount to sending Tao to death. Not until the American Civil Liberties Union obtained a statement from the Chinese Legation in Washington to the effect that Communists are subject to the death penalty in China, did the Labor Department reconsider its ruling. Commissioner of Immigration Hull then announced that Tao could voluntarily depart for Russia. William W. Husband, Assistant Secretary of Labor, said a similar procedure would be followed in the case of Guido Serio, an Italian subject awaiting deportation to Italy, if it were shown that he would be put to death upon his return there for his anti-Fascist agitation.

HAS THE UNITED STATES abandoned the Kellogg Pact? Is this treaty which was to outlaw war simply another scrap of paper? Probably not. At least we hesitate to subscribe to such a depressing opinion. Yet it is a fact that the Kellogg Pact was all but forgotten in the several attempts that were made to prevent war between Japan and China as the result of the outbreak of hostilities in Manchuria. That the hostile action of the Japanese troops constituted a direct violation of the treaty can hardly be denied. It would perhaps have been too much to expect the League of Nations to put the Kellogg Pact ahead of its own peace machinery. But that Secretary of State Stimson should have elected to ignore the agreement which bears the name of his predecessor surprised and somewhat confused us. In his identic notes to Japan and China, Mr. Stimson was obviously satisfied to refer vaguely to "the existence of treaties, to several of which the United States is a party," without directly mentioning the Kellogg Pact. It is true that the Manchurian outbreak has not led to war—in any event, not yet. It is nevertheless discouraging to note the lack of enthusiasm shown by the United States for the anti-war treaty when put to the test in the Manchurian crisis. If that is to be the attitude of the State Department whenever the Kellogg Pact is openly or covertly violated, it does not augur well for future efforts to ban war by international agreement.

WILL THE VISIT of MM. Laval and Briand to Berlin lead the way to a genuine and permanent rapprochement between France and Germany? We fervently hope so. More than that, certain incidents connected with the visit indicate at least a tendency toward reconciliation. The enthusiasm with which the French statesmen were greeted by the people on the streets not only of Berlin but of other German cities, the promise of a Franco-German customs union—even though no mention is made of Austria—the fact that MM. Laval and Briand brought back with them to Paris the good-will of the responsible leaders of Germany, including that of the "war criminal," President von Hindenburg—all of these suggest that the current is at the moment flowing toward friendship and peace. Yet the problem of Franco-German rapprochement must be faced realistically; there are still tremendous obstacles to be overcome. Whether another attempt to solve the grave political problems separating France and Germany by bringing their economic interests together will succeed is doubted by many observers. John Elliott, Berlin correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune,* wrote a week after the visit of MM. Laval and Briand that until these political problems are settled "all hopes of economic cooperation are doomed in advance to defeat. On this point the Germans, regardless of party, are in agreement." We can only hope that the French will not let their political ambition stifle the good work done in Berlin.

CASTING ASIDE THEIR MANTILLAS, the women of Spain are, to the astonishment of no one, probably, more than themselves, to receive the sacred and inestimable right of exercising the franchise. Republican Spain has granted suffrage without any restriction to all women more than twenty-three years of age. Spain thus becomes the first Latin American country to make this gesture, and takes its place with the Scandinavian countries, Russia, the great North European nations, and the United States in this matter of doubling the number of its electorate. The women's suffrage movement in Spain has been well organized if not irresistibly powerful; doubtless the women who were actively engaged in it will transfer their activities to the new and important task of educating the new voters. If Spanish women in the past have remained in their homes, submitted implicitly to their husbands, borne children, and kept out of politics, that is not to say they will continue to do so. Those persons who predict that to give the franchise to women will be merely to duplicate the vote of Spanish men are quite possibly doomed to disappointment. The world is changing very fast; means of communication—the newspaper, the radio, the news-reel—are penetrating even to Spain. This does not mean, of course, that overnight an additional 5,000,000 alert, intelligent, and well-informed voters has been created; it does mean that in a young republic the women as well as the men will have an opportunity to learn to govern.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE "DEVIL'S BREW," as it is called by Louis Stark in a series of articles in the New York *Times,* that is in the making in Harlan County, Kentucky, is getting worse instead of better. Any person remotely identifiable as sympathetic with the miners is liable to violence, assault, and even death. An organizer for the miners' union takes his life in his hands when he goes to Harlan; the operators are out to break the union, the deputies are out to kill "communism," by which they mean any activity from union organizing to feeding undernourished children that favors the miners, and the miners are arriving at a state of mind where they will not hesitate a moment to use force to get food for their families and to keep the hand of the law out of their houses. The *Editor and Publisher,* writing of Harlan, says:

> Conditions more cruel and unjust than the feudalism of the Middle Ages, because even the right to work the land or eat the baron's bread is denied, are reported by trustworthy newspapers to exist in the soft-coal regions of Kentucky. . . . When honest reporters are shot by imported thugs of coal companies, dressed up in the official uniform of local government and drawing their blood money from corporation mine owners, and when a special writer of the New York *Times* staff finds it necessary to leave the district and go to Chicago to prepare his almost unbelievable account of Harlan County terror, there can be little doubt that events are occurring there which will not bear the scrutiny of the American people.

To these severe strictures and many like them the officials of Harlan reply only with frivolous and meaningless cries of "reds" and "Communists," the Kentucky newspapers in general tell observers from outside the State to mind their own business, and Governor Flem Sampson has not said a word.

THANKS TO THE COMPETENT and busy publicity staff of the new Waldorf Hotel in New York City, the opening of that institution assumed the color of a national event. For days news stories about the munificence of the new building, the splendor of its public rooms, the murals on the ballroom walls, the size of the lobby carpet, the tons of fruit and vegetables—strictly fresh and of the best grades—required for a day's meals, the loyalty of the residents of the old Waldorf have occupied columns in the New York press. Customers of the hotel will not be vulgarly known as guests but as "patrons"; they will not register and check out but "arrive" and "depart." Through all these doings Mr. Oscar-of-the-Waldorf was very much in evidence, even to having a sixty-fifth birthday, during which, of course, he did not stop to receive congratulations but kept on tirelessly making the hotel the emporium of magnificence par excellence; and to cap the climax, Mr. Herbert Hoover, President of the United States, made a speech over the radio which was broadcast at the hotel opening, in which he complimented America, hotel-keeping in general, and the Waldorf in particular for all the virtues in the calendar. This performance would move even a hard-hearted spectator to tears and cheers except for two small flies in the mellifluous ointment. One is that no huzzas were observed from the holders of bonds for the new Waldorf in a day when hotels are going into the hands of receivers daily; the other is that that priceless antique, that hostelry of honorable tradition, that old Waldorf of which the new is but the humble—in eight figures—descendant, opened its doors only thirty-eight years ago.

Dwight W. Morrow

THE sudden death of Senator Morrow is a genuine blow to our American public life. As our readers are aware, we are not of his political persuasion; indeed, we are among those of his friends who were disappointed by his brief, all too brief, career in the Senate. Yet we count our politics and our statesmanship much the poorer today because of this great loss. There are far too few men like him left in Washington, too few whose personal characters are beyond assail, who are so situated in life as to be above any temptation, who are moved by a desire to serve their country and not by mere personal ambition. In addition, he was a man of extraordinarily fine perceptions, of unusual intellectual powers, and was possessed of real political courage—that rarest of qualities—as is shown by his stand on prohibition.

Although a conservative he possessed strong streaks of liberalism. He was, for example, by no means hidebound as to Russia, just as in Mexico he went counter to all accepted diplomatic conventions. Among his warmest friends and advisers were many of genuine liberalism and not one ever received from him other than a sympathetic and an understanding hearing. If that makes Mr. Morrow's votes in the last Congress the less understandable, we must still record the facts. It is obvious that he felt under great obligation to Mr. Hoover and that he was ill at ease in his new surroundings. The coming session would have definitely revealed his political choice and would have seen him well on the road to leadership in one camp or the other. One thing is certain, whatever choice he made, it would have been wrong to attribute it to his former business associations. Mr. Morrow did not seek one of the so highly prized posts with the firm of Morgan. He did not take it to make money and he was more than content to leave it for the public service. His only problem was to decide whether he should go into the diplomatic service or turn to Amherst, the college he so dearly loved, and follow his heart's desire by teaching there.

Great services Dwight Morrow rendered in the four short years that have elapsed since he went to Mexico City. No one in recent years has made so great contribution to pan-American good-will, because he went as a simple, well-mannered American citizen and not as the browbeating ambassador of a vast overpowering neighbor that cared only to be boss of the hemisphere. He had thus the right equipment for diplomacy—in addition to his great abilities. He did nothing because his secretaries of embassy told him to do it; he shocked them constantly by going his own way, and doing what his common sense told him was right. So he changed the whole attitude of our government toward Mexico while winning the regard of the Mexican people. That his services in London were equally valuable because of his ability as a negotiator, his patience and understanding, is also well known. It is idle to speculate how far he would have gone, for that would have depended on whether this successful negotiator could also have proved himself a successful Senator—they are very different things. There will always be friends and party associates to believe that Dwight Morrow's feet were well on the road to the White House.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The President, Congress, and the Navy

IT is gratifying, indeed, to record the President's insistence upon cuts in the navy budget and to read that he really became indignant at the undercover opposition to his economy plans by high officers of the navy. This is no new phenomenon. Even under Mr. Coolidge there was rank disloyalty to his half-hearted disarmament moves—disloyalty which went unrebuked. It would be interesting indeed, if it should be possible to reveal the precise relations between high naval officers and the Navy League, which is now weeping bitter tears over the straits to which the navy has already "been reduced." Nothing could give us a better standing on the naval side of the Geneva disarmament conference than the ability to say that we had substantially cut our budget before going to Geneva, had reduced the number of active ships and cut the enlisted personnel by thousands.

We welcome, too, the gage of battle which has been flung to President Hoover by Senator Frederick Hale of Maine and Congressman Britten of Illinois, respectively chairmen of the House and Senate Naval Committees. By all means let us have a show-down. Senator Hale, one of the smallest politicians in our public life, sees himself fighting the battle of an endangered Congress. The Constitution has empowered the Congress alone, he says, to decide what the national defense needs, and he proposes to protect the Constitution and the rights of Congress from the vicious assaults of President Hoover—provided, however, that at the critical moment the navy and the General Board inform him that it is really necessary to go through with the program of building up to the limit permitted by the London treaty for naval limitations. Ought not someone to defend the Congress from this unconstitutional prerogative of the admirals of dictating what the national defense shall be? As for Congressman Britten, who, as our readers are aware, recently induced the Navy Department to order the North Atlantic fleet, contrary to its wishes, to Montauk Point for a rest period, when he has a financial stake in the real-estate speculation there, we are perfectly willing to pit against him Chairman Will R. Wood of the Appropriations Committee, who has recently no less than three times publicly declared that it is time to cut military and naval appropriations to the bone, since there is no necessity whatsoever for the swollen armaments we now have. By all means let us have a show-down—preferably on the floor of the House and Senate. These army and navy appropriations bills are enormously important. For years they have slipped through without any adequate debate, although they have not only national but international ramifications. Nothing could be better than a first-class public give-and-take between those who still believe in the exploded theory of force and in useless weapons like the outmoded battleships, and those who wish to free the world from the curse of armaments.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hoover could go a good deal farther and faster than he is going. The budgets of West Point and Annapolis could and should be cut; there are too many cadets for the needs of either service and both institutions are heavily overstaffed in comparison with civilian colleges. Mr. Hoover does not propose to reduce the strength of the navy below 75,700. Why do we need so large a force? There is only one fleet which rivals our own, and the country which possesses it trembles on the verge of bankruptcy and is even more eager for disarmament than are we. If ever a war with England was unthinkable, it is today in view of Great Britain's inability to raise funds to protect its own currency; its dire economic distress; its grave social unrest. Who else menaces us? Not Japan certainly; not Russia, which has no fleet; not Italy or France. We are maintaining our sixteen battleships merely because we have got into the habit of it; because our armament profiteers, Navy League, and naval officers, with their vested interest in maintaining a fleet, are constantly propagandizing for it and are trying to persuade the nation that we must continue to waste not only $750,000,000 a year on army and navy upkeep in this industrial crisis, but actually spend $750,000,000 more to build our fleet up to the limits permitted by the London agreement.

But while we think Mr. Hoover could cut much more vigorously than he has, we repeat that we are heartily grateful for the fight he is making. The whole spirit of the Administration fills us with hope that it at last means business. Here, for example, are excerpts from the remarkable speech made by William R. Castle, Jr., Undersecretary of State, before the Advertising Club of Boston:

> It is safe enough to say that the seeds of the depression were sown in the World War. . . . The billions wasted in munitions brought no return whatsoever.
>
> It is said that the world spends annually three billion dollars on armaments, and yet it is clear that the individual nations would be just as safe if the volume of this construction were proportionately cut one-half or three-quarters. Every nation needs an army for internal police purposes but beyond this every soldier is a potential offensive force.
>
> We fought, or said we fought, a war to end war. We have made anti-war treaties that cover the globe, but as long as we pour money into competitive armaments we admit that war is always imminent. We make a travesty of our high-sounding treaties.

This is true statesmanship. This sounds a true call to the nation. This is the kind of courage and truth-telling that we have a right to expect from men in high office who seek to lead. We hope that every reader of *The Nation* will send his individual thanks to Mr. Castle. Meanwhile, even the United States Chamber of Commerce has seen the light and demands that "every possible step be taken for international disarmament."

There could be no better augury for the role which our country is to play at Geneva than this voice from the State Department. As we have said before, that conference may prove to be a milestone in the history of humanity; it may easily decide the fate of Europe. If it fails, the consequences will be so disastrous to the political and economic life of the whole world and the stability of all the capitalist nations that no one can look upon the possibility of failure without tremendous misgiving. We believe that if the Hoover delegation to Geneva shows the courage and frankness of Mr. Castle, it will win a great victory.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. MacDonald's Score

HOW does the account now stand between Ramsay MacDonald and the British Labor Party which twice made him Prime Minister? It reads thus: On August 24 Mr. MacDonald dissolved his Labor Government, although a majority of the Cabinet favored all his budget-balancing proposals save only the cut in the dole, in order to preserve, as he said, England's financial standing and to safeguard the gold standard and, therefore, the pound. On September 20 the country was compelled to abandon the gold standard, and the sacrifice of the Labor Ministry was thus shown to have been in vain. Meanwhile Mr. MacDonald is about to dissolve Parliament and thus to bring on a new election which, so Raymond Swing of the New York *Evening Post* cables, will in the opinion of the ablest political observers deprive the Labor Party of some one hundred seats and thus throw it back to where it was prior to the election of 1924. In addition, Mr. MacDonald's act has enormously increased the prospects of England's adopting a high protective tariff, now the avowed object of the Conservative Party.

In other words, there is every evidence that Mr. MacDonald has made possible the triumph of the one party which above all others has opposed everything that the Labor Party has stood for. It is the party which abused him no end during the war, which has until now never failed to vilify him and to declare him a menace to the welfare of England. A short while ago the fact that he was being patted on the back and praised by the London *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and other Tory papers, would surely have made him wince and realize that he was on the wrong track. Today he seems to glory in this support and, like many another man who has yielded to the lure of high office, he has turned upon his former associates with reproaches and scorn. Yet it is already common gossip in London that if the new coalition of MacDonald, Baldwin, and Herbert Samuels wins in the next election, Mr. MacDonald will immediately be thrown out by his strange political bedfellows and will be sent to Washington as ambassador, or created a lord.

We are well aware that Mr. MacDonald himself is convinced that he not only saved England but the United States and the rest of the world by his dissolution of the Labor Ministry. He is not without adherents even in the Labor Party who believe that he performed a great patriotic service in so hastily wrecking his own party. But such a break with all one's previous principles and party affiliations is surely only to be justified if one knows one's goal exactly and has a clear road to that goal which seems so inescapable as to warrant such a break and such a complete overturn in the political situation of one's country. But it is now perfectly clear that the MacDonald coalition has no genuine policy beyond that of getting permanently into office at the earliest possible moment. It has no greater vision than had the Labor Ministry; it can in no wise better forecast the events of the immediate future. More than that, as the *New Statesman and Nation* points out: "The budget revealed an astonishing incoherence of mind." Moreover, the best economic and financial advisers Mr. MacDonald had, all of whom, with the exception of Mr. Snowden, left him when he formed his new Cabinet, are unanimously of the opinion that the budget will not only not accomplish what Mr. MacDonald expected it to, but will actually increase the difficulties which have brought about the tremendous financial humiliation that has come to England. Even the pretense that the budget was based on "equality of sacrifice" has completely broken down.

The truth is that, as in the case of the Zinoviev letter which terminated his first ministry in similar haste, Mr. MacDonald yielded to a sudden impulse due this time to misleading information. He is not steeped in finance and economics; indeed, this is his weakest side. But having started on his course there can be no turning back. We shall see him in the coming campaign denouncing his former associates, the men who gave him his opportunity to come back into public life when he was an outcast, with absolute certainty that his course is the only possible one. We have heretofore referred to the similarity between the careers of Woodrow Wilson and Ramsay MacDonald. The former, too, ended his career at the opposite pole from which he started. He, too, was so convinced of the absolute wisdom and rectitude of his every step that any dissent was as perfidious as it was base. But as Woodrow Wilson slew every liberal movement in America and paved the way for the utter corruption of the Harding Administration and the dull and injurious conservatism of Coolidge, so it now appears as if the net result of Mr. MacDonald's patriotic move would be to undo years of labor achievement, retard immeasurably the making over of England along the lines of the Labor Party's program, and intensify class strife and the misery of the British working classes. Certainly if the net result is a high protective tariff, not only the Labor Party but England's masses will rise up to call MacDonald anything but blessed.

Marriage and Divorce

THE unhappy compromise with regard to divorce reached by the Episcopal bishops assembled in convention at Denver deserves small praise and less respect. Putting aside the honest recommendations of the Commission on Marriage, which provided that remarriage after divorce might be performed within the church at the discretion of an ecclesiastical court after due examination of the facts in the case, the bishops reiterated that remarriage after divorce should be forbidden in all cases except that of the innocent party in a divorce for adultery, but—and in the but lies all the trouble—marriages "dissolved" by a civil court may, at the discretion of the church, be deemed "annulled" and remarriage may then be sanctioned, as if a former marriage had never taken place. The Episcopal church thus takes substantially the position of the Catholic church, refuses to countenance the word "divorce," but accepts the actuality of divorce under the disguise of "dissolution" or "annulment" of marriage. The grounds under which an "annulment" may be declared are many and varied, including consanguinity, mental deficiency, impotence, insanity, bigamy, and venereal disease. Actually, therefore, the position of the Episcopal synod is more liberal than it was; but its liberality is entirely vitiated by its eagerness to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

avoid the letter while accepting the fact of divorce in modern life.

One may pass from the new canon with more than a touch of distaste to the admirable report of the Commission on Marriage. That body, which had spent six years in a study of the subject, saw clearly that while its immediate task was to formulate a possible divorce canon, its more important duty was to consider the nature of marriage itself. One might quote with approval most of its remarks on the subject, none more interesting or more worth remembering than the following paragraph:

> The outstanding need in married life, however, is the realization that marriage, that every great human relationship, must be based on the spirit of self-sacrifice rather than that of self-satisfaction. In all achievement we must pay the price of struggle, disappointment, and sorrow. To achieve Christian marriage, as to achieve anything worth while in life, men and women must be prepared to make great joyful sacrifices.

This directly contravenes, the report went on, the "prevailing romantic idea" that marriages are made in heaven, and "that one has only to find his true mate to enjoy everlasting happiness." Marriage, to be successful, must be worked at, every hour of the day every day of the year. "It is unthinkable that marriage can be successful unless husbands and wives are pure, sober, and exercise control of temper and tongue. Nor can any two human beings live together happily unless their conduct is marked by the spirit of kindness and consideration."

This attitude shows the church at its strongest and best. Fully aware, as other sections of the report indicate, of the necessity for a more scientific outlook on sex, for education for marriage beginning "at birth," for a knowledge of psychoneuroses and sexual perversion, the commission nevertheless laid its greatest stress on forbearance, charity, kindness, and love. One cannot fail in respect for such an attitude, or in admiration for its wisdom. It is evident that once a marriage has utterly failed, divorce should end it. But there is always an interim during which hard and faithful endeavor on the part of both partners might save what anyone in his right mind would wish to save. Society is so constituted as to favor the maintenance of the family intact. At best divorce offers an unhappy and often unworkable solution of a bad problem; persons with imagination do not easily contract a second marriage when a first, fortunately begun, turns out badly; children who are admittedly rendered unhappy by disaffection between their parents are equally without anchor, divided between two families each often entirely at odds with the other. In view of these difficulties, the church, if it has any validity and raison d'être in modern life, should step in not as a party to the dissolution of the marriage but as teacher, arbitrator, and friend in marriage itself. Its influence should begin, as the Commission on Marriage was so clearly aware, long before any marriage takes place, in the proper education of the adolescent boy and girl on what living in a state of holy matrimony will mean, what it will demand of courage, self-reliance, and courtesy to another person, how much thought it will take, how much strength, how much time. Wise counsel is needed and wise men and women to administer it. One can only wonder, in the case of the Episcopal synod, if its sidestepping attitude on divorce indicates a capacity for such wisdom.

Gentle Shakespeare?

HOW gentle was the author of "Troilus and Cressida," "Timon of Athens," and "King Lear"? It has always been hard to say, though the time-honored epithet which anyone may find by turning to Ben Jonson's poem opposite the portrait in the First Folio has by most persons never been questioned. "The gentle Shakespeare," we murmur, and let it go at that.

Yet there has always been a group of persons—recently, in a realistic generation, grown more numerous than ever before—who qualified the force of the epithet by claiming that Shakespeare in his plays revealed capacities for rage, resentment, scorn, disillusion, and envy. And now, it would seem, they have hired a detective to look into Shakespeare's life with a view to proving him at least once to have been possessed of malice. They have succeeded, too, as an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1931, and a book just published* make abundantly clear.

Leslie Hotson, the author of the article and the book, is the best detective who could have been put on this particular trail. A few years ago he unearthed in England some papers which showed under what circumstances Christopher Marlowe met his death. More lately he discovered a number of letters—long looked for in vain by other scholars—written by Shelley to Harriet Westbrook after their separation. And now he has rooted out some exceedingly interesting legal papers bearing on a quarrel which Shakespeare had with one William Gardiner in 1596. Most of the legal papers which have to do with Shakespeare are of little interest, since they reveal nothing about either his character as a man or his career and method as a playwright. These, however, were worth finding. Not only is Mr. Hotson able to prove that Shakespeare moved across the Thames in 1596; that he became associated in that year with the Swan Theater and its owner, Francis Langley; and that he first produced "The Merry Wives of Windsor" on April 23, 1597. He is able to show in addition just how some of the lines in this play came to be written.

The lines are those which characterize Justice Shallow and his thin-witted cousin, Abraham Slender, the one as absurdly ambitious and the other as a pitiful sycophant. Mr. Hotson establishes that Shallow and Slender were caricatures of William Gardiner, a grasping official whom Shakespeare and Langley had every reason to hate, and his insignificant toady of a stepson, William Wayte, whom Gardiner had actually once married to Joan Tayler (Anne Page) for her money, which he then stole. Shakespeare's revenge for many indignities was nothing less than the immortalizing of two dangerous enemies by reducing them to supreme silliness in a play. So the tolerant bard stands convicted of personal feeling at last. Yet the champions of his gentleness may take some comfort in the fact that he turned these villains into fools—and harmless ones at that. He must not have been very angry after all. Or at any rate the artist in him remained gentle—being satisfied, as Mr. Hotson says, with a picture of "inoffensive folly in a care-free atmosphere of perennial comedy."

* "Shakespeare Versus Shallow." By Leslie Hotson. Little, Brown and Company. $4

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

"BUT don't they see? . . . Can't they just see? . . . Surely they must realize . . ."

"No, my dear, they won't see and realize until . . . but let me tell you a story."

(The curtain goes down two seconds to denote the passing of some two hundred years backward.)

His Majesty had moved to Versailles. His Majesty's armies might not always have been as victorious as His Majesty might have wished, but His Majesty had succeeded in making his court the center of that polite world which was more than a world, which was *the* World. All that World ate as His Majesty deigned to eat. All that World drank as His Majesty condescended to drink. All that World dressed its wives as His Majesty was pleased to dress his mistresses. As a result His Majesty's court at Versailles had become the school of manners for all the Young Men with an Eye to the Future. And His Majesty's capital city of Paris had become the fountainhead of fashion, which no one dared disregard for fear of being considered a Moscovite or a Prussian.

Even in far-away, gloomy London the younger set boxed the ears of its dressmakers if those unfortunate menials dared to be more than a fortnight behind the times as the "times" were understood in Paris and Versailles. Until those long-suffering habit-makers decided upon a step forward, as bold as it was practical and as new as it was fascinating. They made arrangements with their colleagues of the Rue St. Honoré to send them a fully dressed manikin once a week. Once a week (on Saturdays so as not to lose the Monday-morning trade) a manikin dressed in the latest French fashions was dispatched from Paris to Calais, was then loaded on board the packet for Dover, was then hoisted on top the stagecoach for London, and was delivered bright and early the next morning to Her Majesty's couturier, who thereupon consulted with his colleagues how to revaluate the daring Gallic fashions into something a little more sedate for the home trade. That manikin and its sister (or brother—manikin is a little hard to define) traveled up and down and up and down between London and Paris for about a hundred years and all was well with the world.

(The curtain now descends one second to denote the passing of an entire century.)

When news of the fall of the Bastille reached London (it got to the British capital on the sixteenth of July, 1789, two days after the event) people shook their heads and said: "Oh, nothing my dear, nothing at all. The French have always been that way . . . merely a little disorder . . . the police will tend to that." When the Declaration of the Rights of Man, duly translated, appeared in the news-sheets of August, there was a slight murmuring or protest. That sort of thing must be kept from the servants. It was a preposterous document and should be treated as such. When, two months later, the Royal Family was forced to leave Versailles and go to Paris, there were murmurings. This was really going too far. Going much too far. But there was one consolation. Things could not go on that way much longer. There must be a reaction. The decent people would soon flock to the support of the throne. The rabble would be taught a lesson.

Meanwhile Englishmen were warned against accepting any of those newfangled little bits of paper called assignats. They were not worth anything and soon would be worth even less than that. But for the rest, there was no cause for apprehension about the future. The French might be a flighty race but they had some common sense left. Of course, travel through French territory had become a bit irksome on account of the lack of respect on the part of postilions and waiters, and Paris was by no means so gay as it used to be. But that was all. Those wild-eyed, long-haired orators who held forth at the Palais Royal were a nuisance that should not be tolerated. That man Mirabeau, or whatever his name was, was a traitor, and no gentleman should have anything to do with him. Those other impossible creatures—one really could not remember all their names, there were so many of they and they had such funny names—would some day return to the dram-shops and the counters whence they had sallied forth to "save the nation." They were all of them preposterous fellows and should not be taken seriously. Of course, there always were gloomy prophets to predict that these crazy notions would sweep all over Europe, to forewarn of the dreadful outbreaks of violence that would occur once the hunger of the people had driven them to desperate measures. There should be a law passed to prevent the enemies of the state from publishing their broadsides with their "well-meant warnings."

The Court did not take the matter seriously. Those who were on speaking terms with bankers had heard from their own lips that the whole thing would soon blow over, and who would or could be better informed than a banker with correspondents all over the Continent? There were rumors that the King was about to leave his capital city and move to Strasbourg or some other loyal provincial town where he would not be exposed to the insults of the rabble. He could then return at the head of his troops and reestablish order. It was a question of weeks, perhaps of months. The best thing of all was not to pay too much attention to all this talk of revolution. It sounded so foolish. And so, business and pleasure and pleasure and business continued as usual.

On the tenth of August of the year 1792 the mob stormed the Tuileries, murdered the Swiss Guards, and took the King and Queen prisoner. That was bad news but nobody paid any particular attention to it. But six days later English Society suddenly realized that there was a revolution in France. For the first time in almost a century the weekly fashion manikin had failed to arrive.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hoover and the Press

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, October 3

THE relations of Herbert Hoover with the newspapermen whose work brings them in immediate contact with the Presidential office have reached a stage of unpleasantness without a parallel during the present century. They are characterized by mutual dislike, unconcealed suspicion, and downright bitterness. This ugly condition has frequently been reflected in the utterances of the President and the conduct of his aides, and is bound to be reflected in some of the news dispatches, although to nothing like the extent of its actual existence.

It goes without saying that Hoover is mainly to blame. There is no excuse for any President failing to get along with the press. He is treated with a deference accorded to no other official. His virtues are enormously magnified and his mistakes, in the main, are minimized or ignored. He starts with a tremendous advantage. From the press of his own party he receives a blind and unquestioning loyalty. From the so-called non-partisan press he receives "the respect due the office." The opposition-party press handles him gingerly for fear of being accused of making "partisan attacks on the President." Anything he desires to say is immediately published. Much—entirely too much—that he wishes to keep out of print is suppressed. No fat man could ask for a softer feather bed. Yet every rose petal has been a thorn in the delicate skin of Herbert Hoover.

His incredible sensitiveness to unfavorable publicity arises from a peculiar but not illogical cause. Knowing that the newspapers made him, he assumes they can with equal ease destroy him. In this he is mistaken. He would be far better advised to follow the rule enunciated by his thick-skinned little predecessor: "When they're agin' me I don't read 'em." Unfortunately, the Hoover temperament makes this impossible. Such is the nature of this humorless and resentful man that he must know the worst that is said of him, must take steps to anticipate or prevent its repetition, and must, if possible, punish the responsible author.

At least two Washington correspondents, both able, honest, and popular, are firmly convinced that White House pressure was responsible for the loss of their jobs, and others believe the same influence was exerted to have them transferred. Whether this belief is correct I do not pretend to know. I do know that it exists, not only among the men directly concerned but also among a wide circle of their colleagues, and that it has seriously affected the relations of the President and the press.

The history of Hoover's estrangement from the men who report his actions is long and full of bitter irony. At one time he enjoyed a higher reputation among them, perhaps, than any man who was ever to enter the White House. Long before the death of Harding it became the custom of a group of correspondents, including some of the ablest in the business, to gather several afternoons each week in Hoover's office. There he talked freely not only about his own department but about the departments of his Cabinet colleagues and about the affairs of the Presidency. He did not attempt to conceal the slight regard in which he held some of his associates, nor did he hesitate to disclose—although always "in confidence"—what they were up to. He was the best "grapevine" in Washington, and a perfect gold mine of "graveyard stuff." He was able, moreover, invariably to convey the impression that he knew what he was talking about. Gradually, during the Harding and Coolidge Administrations, an impression pervaded the Washington press corps, just as it pervaded their editors and the American public, that Hoover knew more about the affairs of the government and the actual condition of the country and the world than any man in the Administration.

It was after his nomination and during his campaign for the Presidency that his prestige among the reporters began to wane. The first awakening came when he began to evade all the important issues. Some of his admirers were plainly shocked; others excused his ignominious straddling on the ground that he was a novice in politics and fearful of committing a blunder. They assured themselves and others that as soon as he was elected, his old candor and decisiveness would reappear. It was poor comfort. Throughout the campaign he refused to answer pertinent questions and openly resented the fact that they were asked. But until the election was over, knowledge of his personal timidity and petulance apparently was confined largely to the reporters actually on the job. Most of their editors failed to appreciate it. Even among Democratic newspapers the impression persisted that although the better man probably had lost, a good man had been elected. They resolved to give Mr. Hoover his chance.

Then came the South American "good-will tour," where he made the amazing beginning of establishing a military censorship over all news dispatches sent from the battleships which carried him. George Barr Baker, who had been an official censor during the war, was taken along for that purpose. Under the orders issued, no dispatches could be sent until Baker had O. K.'d them. Disclosure of these facts caused some resentment, but the shock was softened by the official revelation that Mr. Hoover was planning decisive reforms in the manner of holding press conferences at the White House. They were announced at the very first conference after his inauguration.

Smiling, cordial, expansive, he informed the two hundred assembled correspondents that the worn-out Coolidge ghost, "the White House spokesman," had been abolished in favor of a more liberal system. Under the new rules the reporters would continue to submit written questions in advance, but the President's answers would be divided into three categories, as follows: (1) to be quoted directly in the first person; (2) to be attributed to the White House; and (3) to be used as information given by the correspondents upon their own authority, or as "background." The privilege of quotation was new and very desirable. In addition, one of the President's secretaries, George Akerson, himself a former correspondent, would meet the reporters twice a day to supply routine information requested by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

newspapers. It was an excellent plan, and I joined with other optimists in praising the fine liberal spirit which inspired it (*The Nation,* April 3, 1929).

Alas, its actual operation lasted as long as a jug of corn liquor at a Baptist camp meeting. The direct quotations promptly degenerated into mimeographed hand-outs of insignificant content. Press conferences were terminated as soon as they began, with the simple statement that there was no news. Sometimes the President varied this announcement by stating he had no answers because no questions had been submitted. After one such fiasco the reporters retired to the White House pressroom and promptly established by mutual confession that eight of them had submitted questions. Dissatisfaction was growing. On the other hand, it was no secret that Hoover was nursing a rising sense of injury against the correspondents and the newspapers they represented. Among the dinner guests at the White House and the week-end visitors to the Rapidan camp was a constant procession of newspaper owners and editors, and presently stories of personal reprisals were being carried from the White House pressroom to the National Press Club, the Senate and House galleries, the numerous Washington bureaus, and wherever the clan was accustomed to gather. One reporter, employed by a paper which rejoiced in a singularly decent managing editor and a singularly unscrupulous and society-minded owner, was frankly told by the editor that the White House had lodged complaint against him and that he had better look for another job before the ax fell. He did.

Meantime, the depression had flowered in all its melancholy splendor, and Hoover found occasion to complain that the press was not giving him the "breaks" it had given Coolidge. This was perfectly true, just as it was perfectly inevitable, but the man whose reputation had been made by the newspapers naturally looked to the newspapers to preserve it, and since he now occupied the most powerful position in the world he was partially able to enforce his desires. On the other hand, the diminishing esteem in which the working press held him was suddenly galvanized into active and bitter resentment by reports that men were being dismissed, demoted, or transferred in return for White House favors. I suppose there is nothing the average reporter hates and despises as he hates and despises a politician who pulls wires to get a reporter's job. As it happens, I do not join in that feeling. I consider that a politician or a politician's assistant who uses the prestige of office to have a reporter fired is a monument of courage and an ornament to the human race compared to the publisher or editor who yields to such pressure. But I am one of the group who has enjoyed security of tenure above the average, and it is easy to understand the feeling of those who find their position more vulnerable.

Akerson's information was often inaccurate, sometimes ludicrously so; but many decided he was not to blame. After all, he had been a competent and popular reporter. He drank like a gentleman and played the piano like a professor. He was energetic and never tried to "high hat" his old friends, and in my opinion made an honest effort to furnish the facts. Early this year he left for a more lucrative job with the movies and was succeeded by the vastly inferior Theodore G. Joslin of the Boston *Transcript*. Joslin, who had been regarded by his colleagues as a rather pompous but wholly harmless fellow, unfortunately developed delusions of grandeur. The knowledge that only an unlocked door separated him from Greatness bore on him heavily. Then he perceived that this could be no mere accident, and from that time the relations of the President with the press have gone rapidly from bad to worse. It became difficult even to obtain the news of appointments and similar trivialities which composes the bulk of the press-association reports from the White House.

At the height of the moratorium negotiations the President made an unannounced departure for Washington from the Rapidan camp, leaving the unsuspecting correspondents behind. Next day the New York *Times* carried a dramatic and wholly sympathetic story of this heroic exploit, but incidentally conveyed the information that the Presidential party had made the trip at an average speed of better than fifty miles an hour. Other correspondents dismissed it as a typical piece of *Times* goose-greasing, but Mr. Hoover, for God knows what reason, was furious. The Secret Service was called on the carpet, and an official investigation of "news leaks" was launched. Joslin called in the correspondents, puffed out his cheeks and chest, and declared that thereafter news pertaining to the President's personal activities should come only from "stated sources." He was greeted with the celebrated Bronx salute, but the following week Frank Connor, veteran correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune,* wrecked his car and severely injured his wife trying to keep pace with the Presidential cavalcade as it plunged from the Rapidan to Washington. An explosion seemed imminent.

The Hoover technique is familiar: first he blusters, then he crawls. Accordingly at this juncture a "new era" was announced. For the first time since his inauguration the President appeared at a press conference with the correspondents' questions in his hand. His maner was affable, and he talked entertainingly and at length. Again I was one of the optimists who welcomed the dawn of a better day. The "new era" lasted two weeks, and the end was dramatic.

On the night of September 4 bankers composing the Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve Board met at the White House. The "stated sources" would not disclose the subjects of discussion, but the bankers were less reticent. Promptly many newspapers carried the story that some of his guests had urged the President to extend the moratorium and that others had advocated legalizing 3 per cent beer. Next day the *Herald Tribune,* under the signature of Theodore C. Wallen, chief of its Washington bureau, reported there also had been a discussion of plans for liquefying assets frozen in real-estate projects and closed banks.

Simultaneously *Editor and Publisher,* trade and professional journal of the newspaper industry, published a striking editorial demanding an end of the "evasion, misrepresentation, and downright lying of public officials in Washington." A prudent Administration would have been warned, but Joslin chose this time to summon the correspondents to his office for another lecture. Although Hoover had complained to them six days before that the seriousness of the depression was being greatly exaggerated in the newspapers, Joslin opened his sermon with the declaration that "this country and the whole world are in an emergency second only to the World War." He concluded with the astonishing request that the reporters "consult with this office" before sending dispatches dealing with the depression or the Administra-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion's efforts to break it. Later in the day he held another session in which he declared that "censorship never entered my mind." But he insisted that both statements be held 'in confidence." In other words, the Administration in one breath was requesting the correspondents to protect it in an extremity which, in another breath, it declared had been "exaggerated"—and was demanding that neither the request nor the declaration be published!

It will be noted, of course, that I have dealt in this recital with the personal relations of the President with the press, to the exclusion of that larger field embracing the editorial attitude of the press toward his policies. I have done so deliberately, first, because the newspaper reader has full opportunity to observe editorial reactions, while knowledge of the personal relations between President and press are necessarily limited to a few; and, second, because I believe the latter reveals the character of the man more clearly. Finally, it should be known that a tense and dynamic situation exists here. The Washington correspondents are being requested—and, as many of them believe, under duress—to swallow and act upon the theory that devotion to a rotten and inept political administration is synonymous with patriotism. Even the Republicans among them are in rebellion. Will they be able to stand their ground?

German Socialism in the Balance

By HARRY W. LAIDLER

THE startling results of the recent election for members of the House of Burgesses in Hamburg again brings to the front the grave situation in which the German Social Democrats find themselves as a result of their essaying the thankless task of tolerating, and cooperating with, a conservative government which they at heart really detest. The Hamburg result was the same as that in every election which has taken place since the Reichstag election of a year ago. This startled the whole world because it increased the National Socialist or Hitlerite representation in the Reichstag from a mere baker's dozen to 107 members. On September 26 the Hitlerites captured 43 of the total of 160 seats in the Hamburg municipal senate, which placed them almost on an even basis with the Social Democrats, whose 60 seats decreased to 46, while the Communists increased theirs from 27 to 35. As there are also 9 Nationalists who cooperate with the National Socialists, there will be 51 members of the right radical group. The National Socialists polled a total of 202,465 votes in Hamburg against 144,684 in the Reichstag election of September, 1930, and against 14,760 in the local Hamburg election of 1928—an increase in three years of 188,000 votes. The Communists gained 33,000 votes, whereas the Social Democratic vote decreased in a year from 240,984 to 214,509. Slowly but steadily the Social Democrats, the great supporters of the German republic, are losing votes to both the right and left radicals.

It is an extraordinary situation in which the Social Democrats find themselves. They are in genuine and sincere opposition to both wings. Their entire instinct is to go it alone. They know that they are compromising, and they know what price compromise exacts. If they did not, each recurring election would prove it to them. But the alternative is such that they cannot accept it. Were they to withdraw their support from Brüning they would throw him into the arms of Hitler, or there would have to be a new Reichstag election, in which, at the present rate of growth, the Hitlerites might easily become the dominant if not the majority party. So the Social Democrats, not without many misgivings and much heart-searching, are putting what they consider their patriotic duty before consistency and, probably, party advantage. They cannot accept the alternative of fascism, and perhaps civil war, with resultant financial and economic disaster to their country. At the same time they are struggling desperately to retain in their ranks their more militant members and to attract the idealistic and extremely impatient young radicals of the country. The pros and cons of this policy of "toleration" (they decline the more positive term of cooperation) have occupied the attention of the party for many months past.* They were heatedly argued in the Leipzig convention of the party in June, and the question came prominently before the International Labor and Socialist Congress which I attended in Vienna late in July.

The principal argument against the Social Democracy's support of toleration of the government is a simple one: Social Democrats for the past few years have either cooperated with non-Socialists in coalition governments or have kept non-Socialists in power by their votes. They have not used these governments, but have been used by them. They have been compelled to accept anti-Socialist legislation; to vote for measures they abhorred. As a result, they have been in no position to furnish a militant leadership or to organize the masses for a frontal attack on capitalism. In the meantime economic conditions have become steadily worse. Masses of the people, especially among the young, have lost faith in the party's program and have gone over to the Hitlerites on the right and the Communists on the left. Today a large majority of dues-paying members of the party are above thirty-five years of age.

The party officials maintain that their support is necessary to prevent a dictatorship. But Brüning's Government, the left wing argues, is a dictatorship. His emergency decrees issued without the consent of the Reichstag indicate this. His censorship of the press confirms it. This suppression of parliamentary democracy has been a direct encouragement to fascism. The Brüning Cabinet, by its nationalistic policies, including the building of cruisers and the toleration of Stahlhelm meetings, has been creating a new war danger. The British Independent Labor Party declared in a resolution at its Vienna meeting:

> The toleration of the Brüning Cabinet by the German Social Democratic Party is thus indirectly weakening the power of the working class and lowering its standards of

*Since this article was written seven Social Democrats in the Reichstag have rebelled against the "toleration" policy. Six of these men have formed a new political group called the Socialist Workers' Party, and the seventh has joined the Communist Party.—Editor The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> life. Therefore an independent policy of the German Socialist Party to secure power on a revolutionary Socialist program is urgently necessary. This involves the abandonment of the policy of cooperation with German capitalist parties.

James Maxton, the picturesque spokesman of the I. L. P., chided the German Social Democrats for appealing to the financiers to save the situation, and maintained that if they patched up things temporarily with long-term loans, it would be only for a short time. The crisis in Germany is not an accident. It is a part of a world-wide depression and the primary cause lies in the capitalist system. The main need is to fight against the system and for socialism.

The majority of the German Social Democrats answer these arguments with the declaration that the situation is not so simple as their opponents assume. It is true that Brüning's policy is reactionary and must be fought by all parliamentary means and through negotiation. Yet it is less dangerous to the working class and to democracy than would be the alternative government, the Hitler-Hugenberg combination. It is true that most of the Socialists refrained from voting against the "pocket battleship." But it must not be forgotten that if the Government had gone down as a result of Socialist votes and the extreme nationalists had come into power, bills might have been introduced not for one cruiser but for many cruisers.

It is true that the present Government, its defenders continue, possesses a number of the elements of a dictatorship, and that parliamentary life today is a mere caricature of real parliamentarianism, but there is nevertheless a very considerable difference between the present situation and the dictatorship which would be instituted by Hitler. Now, at least, Social Democrats have freedom of speech and assembly and they have far more freedom of the press than they would have under fascist rule. Italy and Hungary provide examples of the terrors of fascist dictatorships. Social Democrats have fought for years for certain civil liberties. They should not lightly part with these. A breakdown of the Brüning Government, moreover, would probably carry with it the dissolution of the Prussian Government. In Prussia, which includes the major part of the territory of Germany, Otto Braun, Premier, and Severing, Minister of the Interior among the other Social Democratic ministers, can do much to resist the lowering of living standards and maintain the social control that now prevails in Prussia. Further they are in command of the Prussian police, and are thus in a strategic position to defeat any fascist coup d'etat. The same is true of some of the smaller German states—Baden and Hesse, for example.

Many Social Democrats also feel that a Hitler-Hugenberg Government would mean civil war, with economic collapse and possibly international war. Fascism has been growing in Europe during the past few years. It still dominates Italy, Hungary, and Poland. During the past year it secured complete control of Jugoslavia, although more recently there has been a reversion again to a constitutional monarchy. In other Balkan countries it is a powerful force. Last summer the Lapua movement almost overwhelmed Finland. German Socialists have a grave responsibility to contest every step in the further advance of fascism.

The first task of German Socialism, continues the majority, is to get Germany out of the present financial crisis. To perform this task it is necessary to prevent civil war at home, while encouraging political and financial forces abroad to work out a policy of enlightened selfishness. The extension of long-term credits to Germany without humiliating conditions and the reduction of reparations and debts will at one and the same time, they believe, ameliorate economic conditions in Germany and prick the Hitlerite bubble. The second task is that of preserving the republican form of government. A majority of members of the Reichstag are opponents of democracy and this fact makes the self-appointed task of the Socialists a more difficult one. The third and greatest task is that of transforming capitalism into socialism, and of thus getting at the root causes of unemployment and of other social evils. But if Social Democracy neglects its other tasks, the majority urges, the task of building a new order might be delayed for many years.

> Not the economic anarchy of capitalism [the party urged in its manifesto of July 14], but a systematic economic policy for the benefit of society as a whole! Not instigation of hatred among peoples, but friendly cooperation! Not frivolous acts of despair, but planful effort on behalf of the people and for socialism! Not dissension and division of the working class, but firm unity and resolute struggle against all hostile forces! That is the need of the hour.

The leaders of the party point with pride to the increase in dues-paying membership from 867,000 in 1928 to 1,037,000 at the end of 1930, despite the decline at the polls. They maintain that it is not true that the Communists and National Socialists alone are absorbing the young, but that cold figures indicate that the Social Democrats have more young people in their ranks than have the Communists and Hitlerites in their entire membership. Their organization has been kept thoroughly intact, and when the workers realize the emptiness of the promises of the fascist and Communist "magicians," they will desert the ranks of these parties.

As a trade-union leader declared to me a few days before the referendum for the dissolution of the Prussian Diet:

> If it were possible to cooperate with the Communists, our advance toward socialism would be much swifter. Should the workers in the Communist Party in Germany be left free to make their own decisions, the possibility of cooperation might exist. But dictation from Moscow based largely on the needs of Russian Communists at any given moment makes that impossible at present. The alliance between the Hitlerites and the Communists in a common endeavor to overthrow the Prussian Government indicates the difficulties of any effective cooperation.

The race is thus on between the forces making for civil war and dictatorship and those making for democracy and the peaceful socialization of German life. If France refuses to extend long-term credits and to consider the drastic revision of reparations, if the League of Nations delays much longer in fulfilling its promise for the reduction of armaments, if the economic depression carries Germany to even greater depths of misery, the destructive forces in Germany may win. If, on the other hand, distinct improvement is evidenced within the not distant future in the international and domestic situation, the Reich may choose a more peaceful course, and German Social Democracy may have the chance to which it has long looked forward of concentrating on its central task of social reorganization.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Debtor Gets Revenge

The Significance of the Depreciated Pound

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

THE world was stunned on the morning of September 21 to read that Great Britain had temporarily renounced the gold standard. There had been a warning, it is true, but we had somehow become so accustomed to associating the "City" with all that is sound and conservative in financial practice that it seemed incredible that it should sanction such an unorthodox and risky step. It was understandable for Russia, Mexico, or even Australia to abandon the gold standard, but British monetary policy had always held more firmly to gold than that of any other country. Only a few weeks ago the progressive Macmillan committee had declared that even granting a mistake had been made in restoring the pound to its former parity in 1925, British prestige demanded that no alteration be made in the gold standard at the present time. Similarly, less than a week before the momentous decision was reached we found economists, bankers, and politicians agreed on one point only —the pound must be saved. A week later we find these same men asserting that the suspension of the gold standard is the forerunner of the return of British prosperity. Such an inconsistency might seem odd if it were not for the rather general feeling that after all conditions could scarcely become much worse than they have been during the past few months.

There has been no lack of interpretations. We have been told, for example, that this step marks the end of British financial supremacy, and that the British people might as well resign themselves to becoming a second-rate nation. Those who hold this view maintain that the conditions which gave England an initial advantage in the early days of the industrial revolution have now definitely passed away, and that the empire which maintained her glory is rapidly slipping from her grasp. Others, on the contrary, have hailed the transition from gold as furnishing a necessary stimulant to British industry, which has been seriously depressed since the war. As both wages and interest are fixed in terms of sterling, it is argued that the devaluation which has followed the suspension of the gold standard would reduce industrial costs and serve as a bounty to the sick export industries. On the other hand, there are observers who see the British working class, especially the three million unemployed, crushed by the burden of a greatly increased cost of living, with suffering and starvation as the inevitable outcome.

It is possible that all of these prophecies are to a large extent accurate, but none of them deal with the fundamental significance of this move or with what is likely to be its most far-reaching effect. It is obvious that no such profound change in monetary values can be made without involving a serious loss of wealth for one portion of the population and a corresponding gain for the opposed economic class. Moreover, it is equally clear that such a change is not likely to be peacefully accepted by the dispossessed section of society except under extreme duress. In this case the dispossessed group consists of the creditor class in general—bankers, bondholders, and landlords—together with those living on a fixed income, the professional classes, teachers, civil servants, white-collar workers, pensionaires, and, last but not least, those living on the benefits of unemployment insurance. Taken together these groups represent the most influential section of society, and only powerful pressure could induce them to surrender a large part of their wealth. What then has been the force that has driven the bankers and the *rentier* class to acquiesce in a step entailing a tremendous economic loss?

Put in its baldest and crudest form, the significant fact seems to be that the desertion of the gold standard must be interpreted as an economic victory for the producers of raw materials and foodstuffs—the farmers of the world—and for the debtor class, over the industrial and creditor classes. It was, in a sense, a belated revenge for the losses which the agricultural and raw material-producing countries have suffered during the past two years. The present world depression, as we all know, has hit the commodity-producing nations much harder than it has the industrial nations. Wheat, cotton, sugar, coffee, cocoa, rubber, copper, and silver have virtually halved in value, while the prices of industrial products have declined much more moderately. The appreciation of gold has borne most heavily upon the countries dependent upon the production of the basic commodities because they are, practically without exception, debtor countries. The industrial nations, by means of tariffs, conquest, and unscrupulous exploitation, have succeeded for many years in obtaining the lion's share of the world's wealth, and the events of the past two years must be considered as the inevitable outcome of the policies which they have followed.

However, Great Britain found herself in an especially vulnerable position as the effects of the depression gradually became more severe throughout the world. In the first place, the decline in the world price level has proved particularly unfortunate for England because of a peculiar lack of flexibility in the level of her industrial costs. Not only has Great Britain been struggling under the heaviest burden of national indebtedness of any country in the world, but industry has been further hampered by the fact that the labor unions have been strong enough to prevent any adjustment in money wages in spite of a decline in profits and a substantial decrease in the cost of living. This burden has rested particularly heavily upon Great Britain because all of her chief European competitors had contrived to rid themselves of their war-time obligations either by inflation or by revalorizing their currencies at a lower gold content. In this manner wages as well as the public debt had been reduced appreciably, giving those countries a marked advantage over Britain in the competition for the world markets.

Moreover, as the chief creditor nation England was placed in a difficult position. As a small island with a popu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lation that is 80 per cent urban, England is dependent upon imports for 60 per cent of her food supply. Being faced by steadily declining exports, she is forced to rely more and more upon the interest obtained from foreign investments to settle the growing adverse balance of trade. At the beginning of 1931 these overseas investments totaled $18,888,500,000, which is over a billion dollars more than those of the United States; and in normal times interest on these foreign loans yielded more than a quarter of Britain's national income. But recent developments show that she had overreached herself. The unprecedented deflation of commodity prices during the past two years drove many of the chief raw material-producing countries into a state of insolvency. Argentina, Australia, and Mexico were forced off the gold standard. Chile, Bolivia, Brazil, and Peru suspended payments upon their indebtedness. All the debtor countries were forced to adopt a stringent program of retrenchment in order to meet their obligations, which resulted in a sharp contraction in orders for manufactured goods. As a consequence, Britain's exports declined in value even more than imports, despite the fact that the prices of the imported goods had fallen more than those of the manufactured goods which constitute the bulk of England's exports. This seeming paradox is explained by the following table, showing the changes in volume and value of imports and exports for 1930 as compared with 1928.

BRITISH FOREIGN TRADE FOR 1930 AS A PERCENTAGE OF 1928* (1928=100)

	Volume	*Value*	*Price*
Imports	103.4	89.1	86.1
Exports	84.6	78.5	92.8

This compact table gives the entire story in a nutshell. The first effect of the depression was to put England and other manufacturing nations in a position to exchange their products on a more favorable basis than ever before. This initial advantage was lost, however, when the low prices received for raw materials, coupled with restricted credit, forced the countries engaged in their production seriously to curtail foreign purchases. This led to a growing adverse balance of trade in industrial countries, particularly Great Britain, which could only be met by checking imports or artificially stimulating exports. In the United States we have been able to adopt the former course, but in England the situation was rendered much more difficult by the fact that her imports consisted largely of foodstuffs. A country may postpone the purchase of automobiles, machinery, luxury goods, in fact almost anything except food.

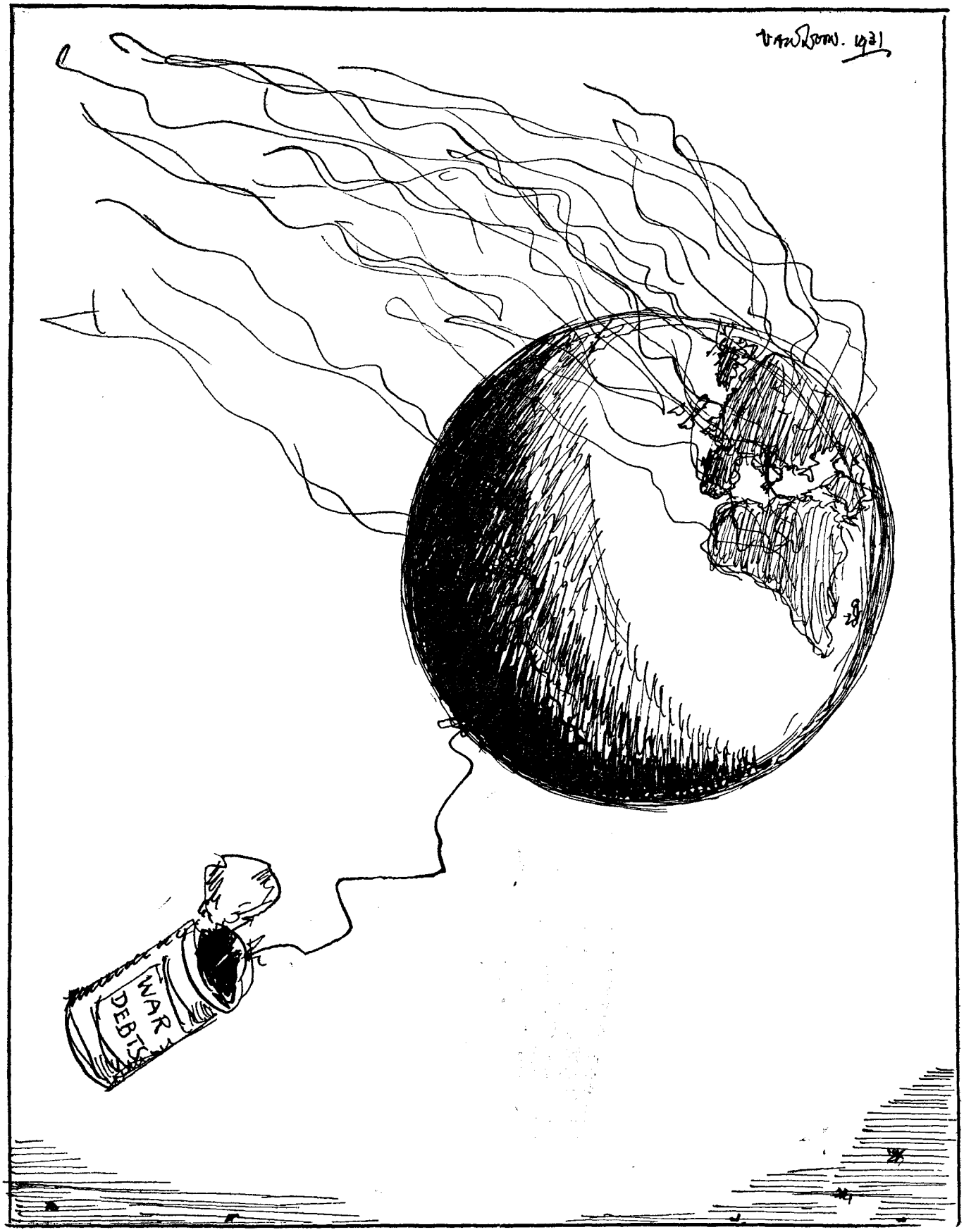
Even then Great Britain might have postponed the final day of reckoning for years if it had not been for some serious miscalculations in the field of international finance. The immediate events which preceded the fall of the pound are too well known to require repetition here. Despite her huge overseas investments, Great Britain was trapped in a position where she could not meet all the creditors who were pressing for immediate cash. Even the export of more than $150,000,000 worth of gold and the use of the $650,000,000 short-term credits which had been obtained from France and the United States were not sufficient to check the demands made against her. Raising the discount rate beyond its present level would have imposed an intolerable burden upon industry just at the time when it needed the most assistance. Only two alternatives remained: a further shipment of gold, or the abandonment of the gold standard. The former course involved such a serious depletion of the gold reserve that it seemed advisable to suspend the gold standard in the hope that the consequences might not be so disastrous as they seemed. For there is no escaping the fact that the terms imposed upon England by the ironclad rules of international finance are hard ones. By leaving the gold standard she will either have to accept a cut in her national standard of living or, if she is fortunate, she will have to export more goods than at present in exchange for the same amount of imported goods.

There were, however, several considerations which made the abandonment of the gold standard, distasteful though it was, not altogether unpalatable even to the bankers. It presented, in the first place, a long-sought-for opportunity to reduce the wage level without any violent industrial or political repercussions. The Trade Union Congress had gone on record in favor of inflation; and although the devaluation of sterling would undoubtedly add to the cost of living, there was practically no objection to the step on the part of the Labor Party. This may be partially explained by the fact that the idea had occurred to them first, and that several of their leaders had declared in favor of the move. The advantage over a direct cut in wages seemed to lie primarily in the fact that the British working class, unlike that of Germany, had never experienced extreme inflation and had no concept of its effect upon their standard of living. The same considerations are true in reference to the dole. So far, apparently, no one has been so unkind as to point out to Mr. MacDonald that the departure from the gold standard completely nullifies the cost-of-living argument which he used as an excuse for submitting to a cut in unemployment-insurance benefits. If the pound settles under four dollars, the cost of living is almost certain to rise at least 10 or 15 per cent, which would more than wipe out any gains that had been obtained by the past year's decline. If, as now seems likely, a tariff is imposed in addition, the purchasing power of the unemployment benefits will shrink to scarcely half their former value. It is difficult to see how even a Tory can face such a prospect with equanimity.

It is true that the suspension of the gold standard should have a salutary effect on industry. Under ordinary circumstances Great Britain would probably be in a position to expand her exports considerably, and this would somewhat relieve the terrible burden of unemployment. Just at the present moment, however, with world purchasing power at its lowest ebb, it is doubtful whether even such a violent restorative will be effective. In the long run there must always be a balance of international payments, but under present conditions it is likely to be obtained by a drastic contraction of imports rather than the hoped-for expansion of exports. This is, of course, simply another way of saying that the much-vaunted British standard of living must come down. The pertinent point, however, is whose standard of living is to be primarily affected? Are the working class and the unemployed to bear the brunt of the sacrifice, or will a Socialist Government come into power which will insist upon a more equitable division of wealth? In the latter case, devaluation would be a real asset; in the former it is simply another weapon of exploitation.

* "The Course and Phases of the World Economic Depression," Geneva, Secretariat of the League of Nations, 1931, pp. 326, 328.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Get Rid of That Tin Can!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Driftway

AT the beginning of a hard winter, when the whole world is wrestling with the problem of its economic survival, the Drifter is reluctant to mention a further difficulty that besets mankind. Nevertheless, as a result of reading "The Insect Menace," by Dr. L. O. Howard (The Century Company), he feels it his duty to report that insects are well on the way to extinguish the race of man. The Drifter himself is not without experience of insect pests. He has been induced, on a number of occasions, to play nursemaid to the gardens of absent friends. He has faithfully picked beetles from roses, sprayed nicotine on lice, dusted cabbage worms with death-dealing powder, made up bluish-green mixtures of arsenic and copper sulphate which looked fully as unpleasant as did the insects they were designed to kill. In spite of these excursions into mass murder, however, he confesses that the insect as a menace to the future existence of man has not kept him awake nights.

* * * * *

BUT Dr. Howard is a well-known entomologist and has by his own confession worried about insects for fifty years. Moreover he adduces data that make the insect all too evidently a dangerous beast. When one considers that cockroaches, ants, and mosquitoes have been in existence in almost exactly their present form and size for millions of years, when scientists deduce that insects have been inhabiting the earth more than ten times as long as man, it seems not altogether preposterous to assume that they may go on inhabiting it long after the last example of *homo sapiens* has been permanently deprived of his breath. Dr. Howard points out a number of reasons for the survival of insects. They have an external skeleton which protects their tender organs from attack, they are small and easily concealed, they have arrived at incredibly successful protective shape and coloration that make them look like leaves or flowers or innocent twigs, the better to deceive both their enemies and the unsuspecting insects that must constitute their food. And most important of all, they have unrelenting and infinitely resourceful powers of multiplication. An insect, in short, has no other function except to eat to keep alive to reproduce its kind, after which it cheerfully gives up the ghost, secure in the knowledge of the tons of larvae it and its relatives have deposited safe against the ravages of time.

* * * * *

ALL this is incontrovertible and thoroughly convincing. There is no reason why flies, a single individual of which can reproduce 5,598,720,000,000 descendants in four or five months, should not speedily devour and populate the earth. The Drifter can offer no consolation to those of his readers who are disturbed by this possibility except that so far they have not done so. Dr. Howard would say, perhaps rightly, that this was a frivolous argument which would lead only to a bad end. He would point to hard and intelligent work on the part of agriculturists which has succeeded in checking or wiping out the Rocky Mountain locust, which destroyed crops by the millions of dollars' worth in the seventies, the cotton weevil, and the Mediterranean fruit fly, which was eliminated in a little more than a year, and would say that only by taking thought can we hope to avert this threat to our continued existence. To that the Drifter would say amen, and yet in the long view, when the duration and extent of the universe are considered and man's episodic and infinitesimal status in them remembered, the battle between him and the insects takes a minor place.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Compulsory Military Training

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been fighting against militarism in this country for the past fifteen years, holding up America as a pattern of pacifism and a paragon of universal brotherhood. And now I am profoundly amazed to hear that one of your noted professors was dismissed from his position because he advocated the students' petition against compulsory military training in Ohio State University. Is the military training in your colleges and universities compulsory? And is that in America, the land of freedom? I who have cherished sweet memories of pre-war America, when there was no militarism in education, am now ashamed to see how stupid I have been these last fifteen years, not knowing that America, my second native land, has made a complete swing to jingoism since she joined in the World War! I remember arguing with my professor in an American university against America's plunging into the World War under the pretext either of making the world safe for democracy or of waging war to end war. I said at that time, I well remember, that woe betide America if she joined the World War, since war can never bring peace. The only way to peace is peace.

I held then and hold now that the fruit of war is war. Is my prophecy now nullified? Since the World War the annual expenditure for military equipments has increased from $2,250,000,000 to $3,750,000,000 today. Do these figures show that war has killed war? Does your compulsory military training show a retreat of militarism since America joined the World War? Do the building of giant dreadnaughts, the growth of the American Legion, of hundred per cent Americanism, of the Ku Klux Klan, and what not, which have been devastating the genuine American peace-loving spirit since the World War, bear testimony to progress in peace and in world-wide safety for democracy?

Tokio, Japan, August 11 RICHIRO HOASHI

A Dying Order

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Out here in the cow and alfalfa-seed country we are ground between the millstones of drought and depression. Times are very hard and there will be a few who have to have relief; but from our brother in the wheat region come the gasps of a dying economic order.

"It was dry last year but drier this," he writes. "My combine wasn't paid for and I went to see if I could get more time. They wouldn't hear to this and not only took my combine but also my seed wheat. So I'm broke again and out of the wheat game, but not much worse off than most others around here."

George is one of the type of substantial Germans who have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

done so much materially for this country. He is one generation removed from the immigrants who were formerly so welcome to our shores and he has been himself a successful pioneer in eastern Washington, one of those who have built the great wheat ranches with their big houses, big barns, big windmills, and big families. In times past it has been a prosperous country, and George, with a sure practical mind, prospered until he became a banker when wheat was king; but he wasn't one who could take his neighbor's seed wheat in the lean years and he didn't last long at that job. For several years past he has been back on the ranch enjoying droughts and depressions.

Last winter I was in conversation with him and several others. Someone remarked: "It seems as if the rulers are destroying the middle class."

"Yes, they tried that once before," said big George, "and they lost their heads."

In today's mail comes a statement from the Federal Land Bank that there is little hope of getting a loan on land that has paid until this year of drought, because federal loan bonds cannot be marketed at a reasonable price. I wonder where a nation that abandons its farmers is going.

Moorhead, Mont., September 4 ALICE OLDENBURG

Guam or Samoa

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was a surprise to me to learn from Mr. Safford's letter in *The Nation* of July that someone has proposed to make the island of Guam a national park. To Mr. Safford this suggests "a playground for tired San Francisco business men . . . where the natives can scrub casino floors and serve up the drinks." I trust that no one will mistake this proposal for Guam, as characterized by Mr. Safford, for the suggestion which I have advanced that American Samoa be made an ethnological national park. The latter suggestion is obviously not to provide an island resort where Americans can reduce the natives to menial service, but to protect them as a society against foreign, i. e., American exploitation. It would seem that such a proposed national park as this should merit the support of all who may be interested in preserving Samoa for the Samoans. What sort of national park others may be planning for Guam I don't know, but certainly the two proposals should not be confused.

Berkeley, Cal., August 8 PAUL S. TAYLOR

Peace Patriots

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Sir: As *The Nation* is the most prominent paper in America advocating pacifism, your readers may be interested in a new drive for war resistance.

Peace Patriots, an association with offices at 114 East Thirty-first Street, New York City, will oppose all military preparation as inconsistent with the renunciation of war by fifty-nine nations. Demand will be made for universal total disarmament by the conference at Geneva in February, 1932.

Peace Patriots requests official recognition of exemptive status in the next war for all members of organizations previously pledged to refuse war service. It distributes "2 per cent" buttons symbolizing Einstein's idea that if 2 per cent of the people declare they will not fight, governments will not declare war.

Membership is open to all American citizens who believe that opposition to war is compatible with true patriotism.

New York, September 23 WILLIAM FLOYD, Director

Finance

Why Our Gold Is "Sterile"

NO formula for economic recovery is more frequently heard in these days than that which prescribes the redistribution of the world's gold supply, two-thirds of which is now concentrated in the United States and France. Redistribution on a minor scale, relative to the total, has recently been taking place in New York in the form of "earmarking" gold for foreign account by the Federal Reserve Bank. Metal thus segregated and warehoused since Great Britain suspended gold payments has reached the large total of $251,000,000. The process is instructive, for it was made possible by the liquidation of American bills of exchange and other investments held by foreign banks. As long as the money was invested here it earned a return for its owners, but now that it is earmarked it is surely as unproductive as that vast mountain of treasure in our banks which foreign critics have so often condemned as "sterile."

The point is that the foreign banks have segregated gold as pure insurance against a "run" and not as a basis for extending additional commercial credit to their customers, for in the present state of affairs no sound basis exists in their countries for a large increase in the volume of credit, and there is no demand for more credit on the part of those who rank as prime commercial risks. It seems a bit inconsistent, therefore, that our foreign friends should inveigh against the sterility of our gold hoard, and criticize us for refusing to use it on a grand scale in creating credit abroad, when they are pursuing exactly the same policy themselves.

Albert H. Wiggin, just back from laboring over the German situation with the international committee at Basel, emphasizes this necessary connection between our gold stocks and an adequate basis of security in lending. "The gold of the world is concentrated in very few hands," he remarks. "The extension of credit is necessary, but credit alone is not enough, nor can adequate credit be given under existing conditions."

As matters stand, it is futile to talk about redistributing our gold. It came to us in the natural working out of the rules of the credit system, and it can only be shifted elsewhere by our conferring upon foreigners a valid claim to it, either through large purchases of foreign goods or through the extension of credit. During those years following the war when we lent some $11,000,000,000 abroad, often with a most uncritical disregard of how we were to be paid back, we amply demonstrated the truth that "credit alone is not enough."

What, then, is required in addition? Mr. Wiggin thinks that action by the United States in accepting the recommendations of the Basel committee's report "will speedily turn the course of world affairs." That report, according to the published résumé, contains rather pointed allusions to the need of lightening the burden of German reparations and of intergovernmental debts. Opponents of debt revision in this country have tried to explain away these implications, but the report will apparently mean little unless it means a new deal on debts and reparations.

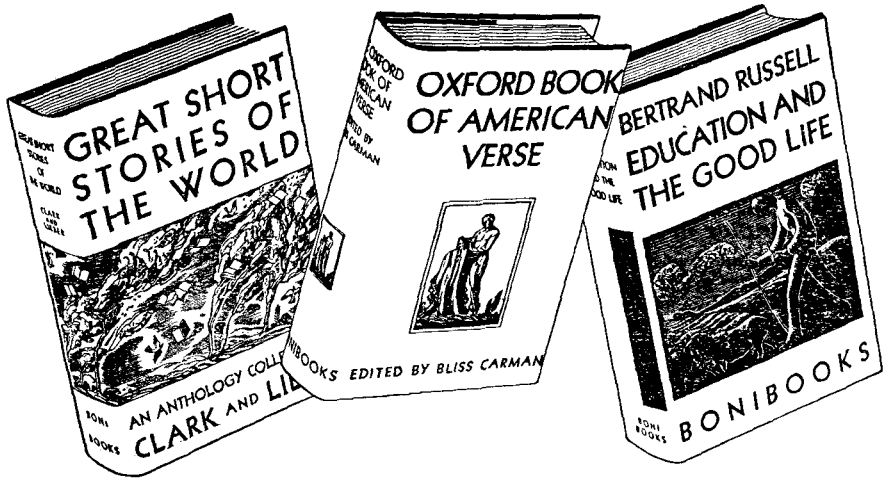
The United States owns $5,000,000,000 in gold because foreigners owed us money which they could pay in no other way. There is no possibility of redistributing the gold under existing conditions. A growing body of informed opinion seems to hold that the next decisive move is up to the United States Government, into whose hands a large part of German reparations has indirectly flowed in the past and will flow again, when and if payments are resumed. S. PALMER HARMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FALL BOOK SECTION

The Nation

Vol. CXXXIII, No. 3457 Wednesday, October 14, 1931



BONIBOOKS IN CLOTH — ONE DOLLAR

Octavo, 5⅜ x 8¼

IT has been the aim of the publishers to include in this new series only books of solid and enduring value, and to make them, editorially and in format, the high water mark in book values. Many important books, never before available in inexpensive editions, will be included in the series, some running to more than 1,000 pages in length. All are handsomely bound, and printed from the original plates of the expensive editions.

The following titles are now ready:

AMERICAN OXFORD DICTIONARY.....Compiled by F. G. and H. W. Fowler
EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE.....Bertrand Russell
GREAT SHORT STORIES OF THE WORLD.....Ed. by Barrett H. Clark and Maxim Lieber
OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE.....Edited by Bliss Carman
ISRAEL.....Ludwig Lewisohn
AGAINST THE GRAIN.....J. K. Huysmans
OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION.....James Truslow Adams
THE HIGH PLACE.....James Branch Cabell
THIS EARTH OF OURS.....Jean-Henri Fabre
WHAT IS WRONG WITH MARRIAGE.....Hamilton & MacGowan
SOUTH WIND.....Norman Douglas
MICHELANGELO.....Romain Rolland
THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY.....H. G. Wells
TAR.....Sherwood Anderson

BONIBOOKS in paper covers, pocket size, at 50 cents are now known to all book buyers. There are now 49 titles in the series.

Albert & Charles Boni : Publishers : N. Y.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

"has the rare gift of stirring up one's brains with a spoon. His significant criticism stems historically from such figures as Mathew Arnold and Henry Adams." In this companion volume to OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION, one of the most quoted books of recent times, Mr. Adams deals with such vital problems as: diminishing returns in modern life, the responsibility of the bankers, the new mode in biography, present day values and standards.

THE TEMPO OF MODERN LIFE

Published Oct. 16

$3.00

●

EDMUND S. WHITMAN

lived for six years on the banana frontier of Central America, where he came to know intimately the hard and varied life led in the whiskey-guzzling tropics. In this novel he gives a vivid and unusual picture of the typical reaction of a Northerner to the hot countries. It will open up to most Americans a world of which they have scarcely dreamed.

NO MINOR VICES

$2.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lincoln Steffens'
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Available for a short time in a Limited One Volume Edition at $3.75

Its choice by the Literary Guild for October makes possible a limited, one volume edition of this great American autobiography, "the most important book of 1931" (Lewis Gannett), "one of those peculiar books which we know in our time is destined to be a classic" (Carl Sandburg). *Printed complete from the plates of the two volume, $7.50 edition.* Illustrated, $3.75

Liam O'Flaherty's
I WENT TO RUSSIA

Liam O'Flaherty, author of "Two Years"

Individualist and realist, Liam O'Flaherty reports what he saw, did, and talked about in Soviet Russia. "One of our cleverest writers goes into the situation deeply, with a mind full of intelligence and original sin!"—*Daily Telegraph, London.* Informal and honest, his account reveals, better than more pretentious books, what life under the Soviets is like. $2.50

BASQUE PEOPLE
Dorothy Canfield, author of "The Deepening Stream"

"Is there no poetry that is not written but lived?" Dorothy Canfield's revelation of Basque character, in stories taken from real life, are a curiously authentic answer to the question. "You will enjoy every one of these sensitive, serene studies of Basque men and women." —*N. Y. Sun.* $2.50

IN KRUSACK'S HOUSE
Thames Williamson, author of "Hunky"

A new novel carrying on the tale of Jencic the Hunky. "Tells another engrossing story and contains the same inimitable sympathetic humor."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.00

ENDLESS RIVER
Felix Riesenberg, author of "East Side, West Side"

"Mr. Riesenberg has written a book as different from the current crop as *Tristram Shandy* was different in its day."—*Saturday Review.* $2.50

THE MARVELLOUS BOY
Ernst Penzoldt

Thomas Chatterton, "the marvellous boy of Bristol" whose writings give him a place among the great English poets, committed suicide in his 18th year. His short life was a truly fabulous one. From the rare records and legends which have been handed down, it is here reconstructed, and the precocious child emerges in a novel of true Chattertonian atmosphere —a mingling of fact and fancy. $2.50

PRINCE JALI
L. H. Myers

A historical novel of 16th century India, in the time of Akbar the great Mogul Emperor. It is a sequel to "The Near and the Far," about which the *N. Y. Times* wrote: "A notable book, very well written, the characters alive, the scene pictures deftly drawn." $2.50

Lewis Mumford's
The BROWN DECADES

Author of "Sticks and Stones," "The Golden Day"

Mr. Mumford's highly significant study of the arts in America, 1865-1895, traces the beginnings of the great artistic achievements in present-day America to the much derided "Gilded Age." "It is no accident that he has hit upon these riches; it is a result of his talent for discovery, his fine gift of refreshed appreciation, his power of taking in an age as a totality and interpreting its major motives."—*John Chamberlain, Forum.* $3.00

Kenneth Burke's
Counter-Statement

This first volume of Kenneth Burke's criticism fully establishes the reputation that he has been gaining for the past ten years. It offers a program that must materially affect critical and esthetic opinion in America, a counter-statement to the pagans and romantics who have preached the triumph of life over the artist. An eloquent book which will be welcomed by those who have sought a reasoned and penetrating philosophy of criticism in America. $2.50

383 Madison Ave. HARCOURT, BRACE & CO. New York City

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fall Book Section

Individualism and American Writers

By NEWTON ARVIN

I

"THE artist, it cannot be too clearly understood," says Arthur Symons in his book on the symbolist movement, "has no more part in society than a monk in domestic life." The dogma of literary individualism has never been phrased more simply or more grotesquely; and, as Mr. Symons belongs to a generation now pretty completely superseded, it is no longer fashionable to say the thing in just these terms, or to appeal to such authority as his for support. But the spirit behind his epigram is a spirit that still operates not only in British but in American letters. Even sentimental aestheticism, though the cut of its clothes is no longer in the mode of the nineties, has by no means disappeared; and, on a less fatuous level, the doctrine of irresponsibility—in more forms than one, of course—is virtually the prevailing gospel. The breach between our writers and our society could hardly be wider: one gets a measure of it by trying to imagine a contemporary poet or novelist of distinction occupying the kind of official post—an ambassadorship, a professorship, the editorship of a prosperous magazine or newspaper—which, fifty and sixty years ago, was one of the natural rewards of literary celebrity. This sort of thing is now a joke, and a stale joke at that. Yet there is intrinsically nothing funny in the conception of a writer's role in society as responsible to the point of officialdom; and many things are more unlikely than that we shall return to it in the course of events. Meanwhile, and for excellent reasons, the literary life in America is the scene of a sweeping separatism: the typical American writer is as tightly shut up in his own domain, and as jealous of his prerogatives, as one of the Free Cities of the late Middle Ages. Is this in the very nature of things, or is it a passing circumstance?

To ask such a question is to go, at once, below or beyond the purely literary terrain. It is to pose the whole problem of individuality and its life history. But it is to pose the problem in a form to which writers neither *as* writers nor as human beings can afford to be indifferent. There is really no more acute, no more concrete, no more pressingly personal a problem, at the moment, than this. Is our familiar individualism, our conception of ourselves as "simple, separate persons," equivalent any longer to the achievement of a sound individuality? "Trust thyself": does every heart still vibrate to that "iron string"? Specifically, can American writers hope to develop fully as individuals while divorcing themselves not only from society as a whole but from any class or group within society? With what group or class, indeed, *can* they ally themselves? Is the alternative to literary individualism the surrender to a merely political movement, or, worse still, to some form of repressive standardization? Are there now no supra-personal purposes with which a writer can affiliate himself?

Our answers to such questions will be really satisfactory only if, in giving them, we are able to look back upon the road we have come on. For the story of American letters is the story of the blossoming, the fruition, and the corruption of exactly the individualism that is now on trial. It is far from being a new thing: it is a many times more than twice-told tale. In its origins it was a fruitful principle because it corresponded to a historical reality, to a historical reality that is now part of our past. In short, American writers have always belonged to the middle class, and not only in the literal sense of being born in it: they have belonged to the middle class spiritually, and their self-reliance, their self-expression, their self-consciousness have expressed the sociological individualism of their class heritage. It is no accident that, emblematically at least, at the very gateway of American literature should stand two autobiographies: no accident that Jonathan Edwards should have written his "Personal Narrative" or Franklin the story of his life. Nothing was more natural than that Edwards and Franklin should have taken themselves as subjects; between them, they span the whole reach, upward and downward, of the individualist principle; they are the sacred and profane extremes of one spirit—Edwards, with his Calvinistic particularism, his intense introspectiveness, his spiritual egoism; Franklin, with his complete system of self-help, his enlightened careerism, his pragmatic worship of frugality and diligence. Neither man can be imagined in a pre-capitalist order. Only one essential note in our national chorus remained to be struck, and that was the secessionist note of the frontier; when Fenimore Cooper created the character of Leatherstocking, the embodiment of backwoods resourcefulness, independence, and idiosyncrasy, the ensemble was complete.

Complete, that is, psychologically. In a literary sense, American individualism was not to reach its apogee until the generation which filled in the twenty or thirty years before the Civil War. These years witnessed, from a cultural point of view, the historic culmination of the principle of self-reliance: during these years that principle, because it rationalized the true needs of society, had a genuine spiritual authority. It was a period, in short, when our special form of individualism could really be reconciled with the deeper-lying claims of individuality; when a man could achieve distinction as a person without going much beyond the limits of self-reliance. This is, of course, what accounts for the literary preeminence, in the age, of Emerson ("Accept your genius and say what you think"), of Thoreau ("I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than be crowded on a velvet cushion"), and of Whitman ("I will effuse egotism"). In these three men our individualism, on its brighter side, attained its classic meridian. There was of course, even then, a darker side; there were men for whom the gospel of self-help—or the habit of estrangement, which is a form it may always take—proved to be the path toward confusion, morbidity, and a kind of impotence; and Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville, men of the richest endowments, paid a tragic price for sitting on pumpkins and effusing ego-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tism. Their careers suggest that the principle, from the artist's point of view, is at best a precarious one; and that its spiritual fruitfulness is exhausted almost before it is realized.

The sequel of the Civil War demonstrated the exhaustion at least of its youthful energies. The triumph of economic irresponsibility, in the feverish burgeoning of big business after the war, coincided with the corruption of individualism as a cultural motive. Two things happened: on the one hand, the writers of secondary talents watered down and deodorized the old contumacy until it became reconcilable with the mildest heresies and even with a conformity in which neither self-reliance nor self-expression had breathing-space; on the other hand, the writers of genius, incapable of such surrender, went still farther along the path taken by Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville. To turn from Emerson to G. W. Curtis, from Thoreau to John Muir, from Whitman to Burroughs, is to turn, as if in a single life-span, from Moses to Zedekiah. The contrast is instructive enough, yet it is less eloquent than the spectacle offered by the higher careers of Henry James, Mark Twain, and Henry Adams. Hawthorne's theme of estrangement, the Ishmaelite theme that obsessed Melville were driven by Henry James to a formulation still more extreme; and expatriation, the frankest form of desertion, became both his literary munition and his personal fate. With Mark Twain the Fenimore Cooper wheel came full circle: the old, heroic anarchism of the backwoods is travestied, in its decay, by Mark Twain's vacillation between a servile conformity and the puerile philosophy of self-interest outlined in "What is Man?" ("From his cradle to his grave a man never does a single thing which has any *first and foremost* object but one—to secure peace of mind, spiritual comfort *for himself*.") For Mark Twain the outcome was, not Emerson's and Whitman's "fatalistic optimism," but an equally fatalistic pessimism; and Henry Adams, who had a truer sense of the limits of self-interest, but whose social impotence and personal isolation were still more thoroughgoing, stands very close to Mark Twain as our first consistent preacher of futility.

II

By the turn of the century the old class basis of American literature was rapidly entering upon the cycle of erosion, subsidence, and reemergence. It was still true that American writers belonged personally to the middle classes, but the old bond between literary expression and the middle-class philosophy had been broken once for all; and henceforth there seemed to be only the choice between a loyalism that was the negation of individuality and a repudiation that too generally left its heresiarchs high and dry. For a fresh alignment of a positive sort the time was not yet ripe; and by the second decade of the century we found ourselves in the midst of an individualistic revolt which superficially seemed to appeal to the authority of Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman, but which, unlike theirs, was radically personal and antisocial. It had been anticipated, a few years before, by the Nietzschean egoism of Jack London and the antinomianism of Dreiser; and it was to mingle the elements of misanthropy, transcendentalism, anarchism, and high aspiration in bewildering proportions. The new individualism ran the whole gamut from the Menckenian-Cabellian praise of aristocracy to Anderson's primitivism and O'Neill's romantic affirmations, from Lewis's exposure of the standardized bourgeois to Van Wyck Brooks's subtle studies in frustration. In the perspective of history, the high colors in which this generation dealt will doubtless show like the hues in the clouds that surround a setting sun. It was the last chapter of one volume, not the first of a new one; and of this essential belatedness the patriarchal gravity, the chilly sagacity of such poets as Robinson and Frost are but convenient measures.

The vitality of that movement was naturally still shorter-lived than the "Emersonian June" itself had been. The hopeless sterility of a pure individualism at this moment in history could hardly be more dramatically demonstrated than by the collapse of the Menckenian boom in our own "reconstruction" after the war. The men who led it, of course, still survive, but they have subsided either into silence or into a bewilderment that masks itself variously; and their juniors, for the most part, have drawn the moral from their experience in either one of two disastrous but natural ways. One group, the heirs of Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville, have retreated, in their despair of finding solid ground on which to build a personal life, to an explicit philosophy of negation; and pitched here and there on the sands of the Waste Land one descries the tents, black as Tamburlaine's on the third day of a siege, of Jeffers and MacLeish, of Krutch and Aiken, of Hemingway and Faulkner. The other group, less honest emotionally, but intellectually more impressive, has taken refuge from the high winds of individualism in the shelter of some archaic code, religious, authoritarian, or sociological: humanism, neo-Thomism, Alexandrianism, royalism, or agrarianism. Both the negativists and the authoritarians betray all the symptoms of corruption: both shine with the phosphorescence of decay; but the latter have at least the logic that goes with positive loyalties.

For the necessary answers to the questions we began with are becoming clearer and clearer to middle-class intellectuals; they have long been clear to our handful of working-class writers. That it is not possible for a writer to develop a rich individuality and remain loyal to an individualist society in its later stages—this was the discovery of the Menckenian generation. All questions of humanitarian sentiment aside, that generation discovered that to cooperate with an inhumane system is to be personally corrupted and demoralized. The experience of the last decade has shown, though the proof was hardly needed, that mere nonconformity leads nowhere but to barrenness. If individuality means anything, as distinguished from individualism, it means the achievement, personally, of a many-sided unity, a rich and complicated integration; and in an individualistic economy it is not possible for anyone, certainly not for a writer, either to develop freely on all sides or to unify his personal life in the only fruitful way—that is, by organizing it with reference to a significant purpose. It is the paradox of individuality that it is meaningless without its social pole: neither the variety nor the centrality that go to make it up can be described except with constant (though of course not exclusive) reference to a group. Now that American writers, consciously or unconsciously, have made their final break with the middle class, it should be obvious that, unless they prefer a bleak or an elegant futility, they can turn in but one direction, to the proletariat. By identifying their interests with the life and needs of that class they can at once enrich and unify their own lives in the one way now historically open to them. Far from being a merely political

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or sociological affiliation, this joining of forces with the working class is chiefly important, even now, and certainly in the long run, on psychological and cultural grounds. It is a question, for the writer, not of sentiment or quixotism, but of self-preservation. Our literary history is the true argument, and this it would be idle to labor further.

How many things this may mean as time goes on, there is no space to say here; and indeed it would be both presumptuous and irrelevant, in this connection, to undertake to say them. One must grant that the case for a protelarian literature is not always cogently stated or wisely defended —any more than the case against it. One must insist that to adopt the proletarian point of view does not mean, for a novelist, to deal solely with economic conflicts, or, for a poet, to be a voice only for protest, momentous as both things are and *implicit* as they are bound to be. That a truly proletarian literature, for us in America at least, would mean a break with the mood of self-pity, with the cult of romantic separatism, with sickly subjectivism and melodramatic misanthropy—this much is almost too clear to deserve stating. But the duty of the critic is certainly not to file an order for a particular sort of fiction or poetry before the event; his duty is to clarify, as best he can, the circumstances in which fiction and poetry must take shape, and to rationalize their manifestations when they arrive. For the moment the important thing is that American criticism should define its position: in the midst of so much confusion, so much wasted effort, so much hesitation, this will itself be an advance.

The Poetry of Conrad Aiken

By STANLEY J. KUNITZ

THERE are few events more cataclysmic in the life of an introspective young man than his first reading of the philosopher Hume. When Conrad Aiken was a student at Harvard it is probable that he came upon that triumphant passage in the "Treatise of Human Nature" affirming that we are

> . . . nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions, which succeed each other with an inconceivable rapidity, and are in a perpetual flux and movement. The mind is a kind of theater, where several perceptions successively make their appearance, pass, repass, glide away, and mingle in an infinite variety of postures and situations. . . . The comparison of the theater must not mislead us. They are the successive perceptions only, that constitute the mind; nor have we the most distant notion of the place where these scenes are represented, or of the materials of which it is composed.

A letter from the poet to Houston Peterson, quoted in the latter's "Melody of Chaos," reveals Aiken haunted from the inception of his poetic career by the notion of

> . . . a single human consciousness as simply a *chorus*: a chorus of voices, influences. As if one's sum total of awareness and identity were merely handed to one progressively and piecemeal by the environment. As if one were a mirror. As if one were a vaudeville stage across which a disjointed and comparatively meaningless series of acts was perpetually passing. This flux being one's being.

Aiken does not trace this picture of the self "to any particular source in his own experience, to any book or person," comments Mr. Peterson, as though to confirm his assumption that the original poet is original philosopher too. I am more inclined to accept the observation of I. A. Richards that one idea—even a borrowed one—is sufficient for the lifetime of a poet. Aiken was fortunate enough to borrow his idea in youth and to find it endlessly viable and fascinating.

The letter that served to elucidate the theory behind his early work, dating from about 1915, is also a perfect synopsis of his latest published poem, "The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones."* Deriving its title and some of its substance from the Book of the Dead, in which the deceased is always called Osiris, this technically ingenious work acquaints us with the late Mr. Jones by representing the objects he possessed and admired, the clothes he wore, the rooms he occupied. While Jones is being weighed in the Great Balance, the "things" of his mortal existence become vocal. They accuse him; they ignore him; they babble round him with the malice of unreason. Only his Books, symbolic of memory, defend his soul. The poem is a dramatization, in short, of the consciousness-as-chorus idea; stylistically the most clever and materially the most complete statement of Aiken's theme. If it appears less suggestive than, say, "Senlin," and more superficial than, say, "The House of Dust," the explanation is probably in its concision, its tougher diction, its freedom from mellifluous rhetoric. If it remains a minor performance, it is because of a grave error of proportion: too much trivial detail (Characteristic Comments, Inscriptions in Sundry Places, etc.) not compensated by bulk. You may catalogue flyspecks, metaphysical or otherwise, in a work the size of "Ulysses," but the Joycean humor is ill-advised in a forty-three-page poem. It takes too long for the details to add up to an emotion.

I have said that "The Coming Forth" is an offshoot of Aiken's old poetic root. Its departure in form, however, makes it something of a sport. I value it more than I should, perhaps, in the catalogue of Aiken's work, because of the gratifying certainty that I shall never confuse it with anything else he has written. All the symphonic poems except "Senlin"—though I know them well—mix in my head, dissolve into a single music. I see a pathetic, rusty-haired little fellow who eternally sits at a window, chin propped up in his hands, sleeves fuzzy at the elbows—eternally sits and dreams through the pane. Somewhere an invisible orchestra begins to play. Out of the crannies of his brain troop "nuns, murderers, and drunkards, saints and sinners, lover and dancing girl and sage and clown." A weird melodrama unfolds. The ghostly mummers, obedient to Hume's explicit stage directions, "pass, repass, glide away, and mingle in an infinite variety of postures and situations." When they are gone, all that remains for the observer is a confused awareness of the major tragedy of minor souls.

* Charles Scribner's Sons, $2.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is there a horn we should not blow as proudly
For the meanest of us all, who creeps his days
Guarding his heart from blows, to die obscurely?

Festus, the only one of Aiken's protagonists to attain heroic stature, fled from his own power, crying, "I will not have a god who is myself!" Why does the contemporary soul seek to divide itself among its adventures and possessions? Perhaps to evade the burden of conscience unrelieved by the promise of salvation. Perhaps because in the modern world only sensations and things have value.

One of the characteristics of an integrated poet—for example, Yeats—is that his works complement one another; Aiken's overlap. It is as though he has lacked the patience or the time utterly to drain from his consciousness the acid of his first creative impulse. Of all his long poems only "John Deth" impresses me as being wholly pure in concept, self-bounded in achievement.

The world is his poison; music is his anodyne; the ego is his companion. The study of the ego, in its ecstasies, in its intricate and ambiguous humiliations, is his passion. As for the problem of salvation, it scarcely enters into his lucubrations. He has little faith in grace, except the grace of love; and no faith at all in works. A poem, I should say, interests him less than its creation; suicide, less than despair; murder, less than jealousy; the event, less than the prelude. Hence the title, "Preludes," of his forthcoming volume, a collection (brilliant, on the whole) of sixty-four dramatic-lyric poems. Seeing a leaf fall, the poet meditates on the "wars of atoms in the twig."

This is the world; there is no more than this,
The unseen and disastrous prelude, shaking
The trivial act from the terrific action.
Speak: and the ghosts of change, past and to come,
Throng the brief word. The maelstrom has us all.

A study of the "Preludes" in proof sheets suggests that Aiken is beginning, with romantic bravura, to embrace the maelstrom. He speaks more frequently and familiarly of God than was his wont. "It is to self you come—and that is God," he writes. And again, "No gods abandon us, for we are gods." What will this divinity do with his time?

In the beginning, nothing; and in the end,
Nothing; and in between these useless nothings,
Brightness, music, God, one's self. . . . My love,
Heart that beats for my heart, breast on which I sleep,—
Be brightness, music, God, myself, for me.

In these new lyrics of Aiken one occasionally detects an uncomfortable straining for effect, a movement toward the monstrous and unforeseen conclusion—or, in its lighter phase, toward the paradoxical or merely shocking. The ultimate poetic manifestations of a thoroughgoing hedonistic solipsism might prove, at the least, curious.

Aiken's idealism has one undeniable virtue: it provokes him ceaselessly to poetry. Fertility may or may not be a sign of genius. In Aiken's case I do believe it marks him out as possessing or being possessed by that "queer thing." Continuously present in his work is the sense of musical delight, which, together with the power of producing it, Coleridge rightly defined as a gift of imagination, a sign of the poet born, not made. Aiken's imagination is apparently inexhaustible. Even though he should continue to rewrite his theme, his best work, unlike that of any other poet of his generation, seems to lie ahead of him.

It is commonly said that he is over-facile, and it is true that he at times deludes himself into the conviction that he is saying something when he is really saying nothing at all. An artificer at heart, he will, for the sake of rounding off a phrase, of arriving at a climax, or even of achieving a rhyme, betray himself miserably with words. He will stuff a poem with such cumulated emptiness as:

You in whose smile are the flamings and fadings of suns,
In whose laughter are hidden the secrets of the past,
In whose "yes" are the blue corridors of eternity,
In whose "no" flash the scarlet lightnings of death . . .

Having learned how simple it is "to invert the world inverting phrases," he is frequently quite content to play with ideas like the ubiquitous juggler in his poems. Having once written, "The world is intricate, and we are nothing," he is constrained to wonder why he might not just as well have said, "The world is nothing; we are intricate." He will strike off any number of bad poems in order to forge a good one, and he will publish them all, being reckless of his talent.

An almost pathologically savage concept of evil is embodied in his work. It is more than "the sound of breaking" at the center of the world; it is the living world full of decay:

Torrents of dead veins, rotted cells,
Tonsils decayed, and fingernails:
Dead hair, dead fur, dead claws, dead skin:
Nostrils and lids; and cauls and veils,

the "abysmal filth of Nothingness" that the Goya of his crapulous vision beheld pouring from time when the seconds cracked like seeds. A physician's son, Aiken is fully cognizant of the processes of katabolism. He is capable of anatomizing an emotional state with fiendish cruelty.

Nevertheless, there emanates from the body of his work an unmistakable vapor of sentimentalism. Sentimentalism is an easier word to spell than to define, but if you will carefully consider two verses, one reading

The melodious mystery of flesh,

and the other,

I had found unmysterious flesh,

you may agree with me in thinking the one flabbily adolescent in thought and expression, the other hard and mature. The first line is from Aiken's "Senlin"; the second from a lyric by Louise Bogan. Aiken began by being a "soft" poet. His latest work, notably "The Coming Forth," is considerably harder in texture. This is as much a matter of technique as of substance. In the beginning, persuaded by a musical analogy, he sought to record, as it were, the onomatopoeia of disillusion. In the long symphonic pieces he wished to compose a "music" distinguished by its "elusiveness, its fleetingness, and its richness in the shimmering overtones of hint and suggestion." He melted down the skeleton of syntax and poured it into the rhythm of his mood. Whereas, in the metaphysical poets, one can almost feel the bare delicate bones of grammar under the phrase, Aiken substituted melody for grammar. Time was his style. Whether or not he will ever withdraw from his twilights and fluxes is problematical, although his recent work hints at the possibility. It will not be enough for him merely to woo the pure crystalline beauty of the Uranian style: he must first tire of the perpetual vaudeville of his brain and drive from the theater his company of jugglers, acrobats, and clowns, leaving himself alone with the alone.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME NEW BORZOI BOOKS
THAT YOU SHOULD NOT MISS

BORZOI BOOKS

A Modern Novel
By Sigrid Undset
The WILD ORCHID

Madame Undset, winner in 1928 of *The Nobel Prize for Literature* and author *Kristin Lavransdatter*, famous saga of medieval Norway, turns to contemporary Norwegian life for the scene of this latest novel. In telling the story of Paul Selmer, his boyhood and youth and first love affair, of his search for some meaning in present day life, she shows herself once again to be a master of narrative and characterization. $2.50

The Truth About
PUBLIC UTILITIES
POWER ETHICS
By Jack Levin
People's Legislative Service, Washington, D. C.

INTRODUCTION BY DR. JOHN H. GRAY

This analysis of the activities of the public utilities in the United States moved *Professor E. A. Ross* to hail it as "a most skilful extraction of the quintessence of the immense report of the Federal Trade Commission on public utility propaganda" which should "inspire wrath in the voter's soul." *Senator Gerald P. Nye* says, "Like a star-shell it lights up the insidious labyrinth of private utility propaganda." $2.00

NUDISM IN MODERN LIFE
By Maurice Parmelee
With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis

A well-known sociologist discusses the cultural, ethical, aesthetic, and hygienic aspects of nudism in this remarkably outspoken book, analyzing the effect of nudism upon women and their relations with men. *With 29 illustrations.* 5½" x 8¼", 303pp. $3.00

Willa Cather's
SHADOWS ON THE ROCK

This first novel since *Death Comes for the Archbishop* is now in its 140th thousand. $2.50

FORTUNE'S FAVORITES

Fifteen portraits of such famous corporations as Swift & Co., I. T. & T. and Standard Oil, revised and brought up to date since they appeared in *Fortune* magazine. $5.00

NAPOLEON AND EUGÉNIE
By E. A. Rheinhardt

The romantic and highly dramatic lives of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of the great Napoleon, and his beautiful wife, Eugenia de Montijo. $3.50

BONDY JR.
By Ludwig Hatvany

A Hungarian family history which Ludwig Lewisohn says "has a quality that is both intimate and epic; it tells the story of a family, a race, a country, as well as of an individual . . . Absorbing and moving." 373pp., $3.00

THE LADY WHO CAME TO STAY
By R. E. Spencer

A highly imaginative novel which Carl Van Vechten calls, "An extremely distinguished performance," and Louis Bromfield describes as "a book with the breath of life in it." It is the October Choice of the Book League of America. $2.50

Your bookseller has these books

OUTPOST OF EMPIRE
The Story of the Founding of San Francisco
By Herbert Eugene Bolton
Professor of History, University of California

The history of Juan Bautista de Anza's two expeditions from Mexico to California. *With 11 maps and 66 illustrations.* 6¼" x 9½", 334pp. and Index. $5.00

MEMOIRS OF A POLYGLOT
By William Gerhardi

The entertaining autobiography of the author of *Futility* and other novels. $3.75

MAGGIE, *together with* GEORGE'S MOTHER *and* The Blue Hotel
By Stephen Crane

Stories by the author of *The Red Badge of Courage* with a new Introduction by Henry Hazlitt. $2.00

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · 730 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Screen Doors for Your Tomb

By THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

Here I go putting screen doors on your tomb
And telling you, New Mexico, to wait
Outside while I unfold your winding-sheet
To show you how I think you'd like it better.
I've raised you from the dead, New Mexico,
I've raised you from the dead to watch you die.

When will you pity me with bitter laughter?
When shall we laugh and fill a bowl with tears?
I will go north under the frosty horn
Of the goose-going moon, New Mexico,
Remembering you did not laugh at me,
Nor I at any vine or any bowl,
We only smiled like somber tamarisks.

You do not pity me? Do you not fear
Some day, New Mexico, when I am tired
Of prayer sticks and you have forgotten more
Of the hunting songs I told you to remember,
I'll lay you in a Studebaker wagon,
Shovel the old words into your new grave,
As I would be done by, and hurry home?

Why have they planted gourd vines over Pecos,
To wind through bones of rock where bones of men
Have moved out in the red light of the evening?
O gourd vine in my fingers, yellow bloom,
You are not honest, gourd vine in my fingers;
Who bade you clamber down the rocks of Pecos
Now that the bones are gone? Who told your yellow:
Pretend to be a gourd vine growing here?

New Mexico, I buy your water bowl,
You made the water bowl against my coming,
Our eyes are clear and big, like eyes of cattle;
How shall I say you fashioned for yourself
This curving clay because you needed water?
How will you say you made the bowl for me
Because I use no bowl for hoarding rain?
Have I forgotten Greece? Forgotten Egypt?
When shall I ask some bowl what beauty is?

Let rain dissolve the bowl, New Mexico,
And wash our hands! Come, let us walk together
Into the quiet sorrow of the greasewood;
The purple towers of rain are crumbling
On seven mesas made of panther fur;
Come, let us hurry while the towers are standing!
Call to the Badger of the South,
Wolf of the East,
Bear of the West,
Lion of the North,
Tell the Six Mountains: *Bid the rain stand still!*
Tell them we need no rain for making corn,
Show them the gleaming silver in my pocket,
Tell them we need only one bowl of rain
To give this bowl back to the grama grass,
Tell them we want the feel of something on
Our lids and lifted arms, New Mexico,
Like water that has nothing to believe.

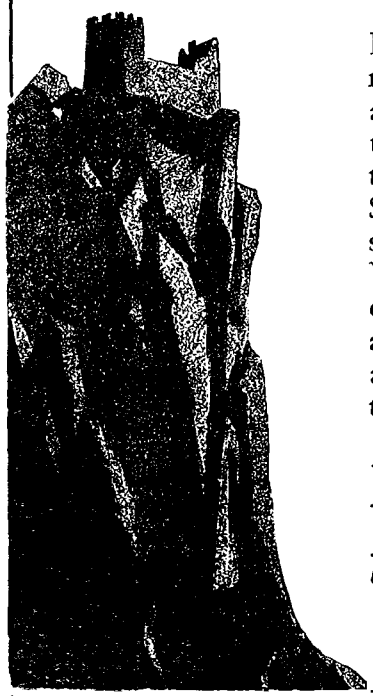
Dissolve the bowl! Dare we remember dancers?
New Mexico, you are too old to dance,
Who are these dancers whom you call your children?
New Mexico, with coronet of leaves
Binding your snowy hair, I will remember
Your eyes are not upon the young men dancing.
The men are buffalo? Or are they eagles?
Perhaps the men are deer. You stare at me.
I am beyond the dance, you stare across
The drumming of the singers. I am here.
Old man with coronet of cottonwood,
You stand there like the ending of a myth
In which I play no part unless to break it.
I stare at you, I cannot look at dancers:
Slowly your crown of leaves turns into laurel,
You look as Bacchus looked when he was old
And they have painted stains like stains of grape
Too bright against your lameness and your eyes.
Bacchus, you hear no drums of Thessaly,
If there be deer, they die with Actaeon,
They are not here, nor is there here one eagle,
Nor is there here the brown mask of a bull
Nodding his horns into the song of hunters.
Old man, why can't you pity me for mourning
These hollow animals with dancers in them?
Are you too old? Have I too long to live?

Or are you still too young, New Mexico?
Were those your mummy fingers that today
Twisted my carburetor's needle valve
And filed the points of my distributor
In the arroyo where the sheep were crying?

The sheep are far enough away to sound
Like children. Do not go, New Mexico!
They will be safe tonight under the star
That never marches. Here in the grama grass
We lie together. Sing, New Mexico,
That I may know more of the shining wolf
That stalked the Holy Namer of the Earth
Before the Turquoise people built their houses;
We'll sing an honest interchange of wisdom,
And I will sing my songs that you may know
Tom Jefferson's position on the tariff,
Follow me closely that you understand,
From songs that Africa and Harlem taught me,
How cloth was woven by Priscilla Alden;
And you may ask me, when I've finished singing
About my Mammy Down in Tennessee,
If grama grass is grass or whirling orbits
Of protons and electrons, or of neither,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIKING BOOKS



"Sombre, mysterious, inscrutable"

From a land shrouded in Medieval darkness comes Essad-Bey to tell such stories as modern ears have seldom heard. His tales of the heroes of the Caucasus from the founder of the sect of "assassins" to Stalin, ruler of Russia; his pictures of slave smuggling; his legends of the Village of the Poets and the Empire of the Jews; his stories of blood feuds, are all told in a book blended of legend and fact, brilliant with the colors of the East. $3.00

12 SECRETS *of the* CAUCASUS

by Essad-Bey

"BY FAR, the most exciting and stimulating European work since *The Magic Mountain* of Thomas Mann," says John Cowper Powys of **ALEXANDERPLATZ, BERLIN,** The Story of Franz Biberkopf, by ALFRED DÖBLIN — and André Maurois calls this colossal novel of the underworld "one of the most original novels of our times." Translated into the American by Eugene Jolas. Two volumes, boxed, $5.00

He thrived on curses —

From all parts of Europe the Jews in the early 17th Century looked to a new Messiah to deliver them from persecution and wandering. How Sabbatai Zevi, one of the strangest characters in history, had himself proclaimed Messiah, how he first was cursed then blessed, how he sought to overthrow the Sultan of Turkey and was finally betrayed, is told for the first time in a brilliant modern biography.

***The* MESSIAH *of* ISMIR**

by Josef Kastein

($3.50)

WEST . . . *it used to be a point of the compass*

A stirring American romance laid in the days of 1800 when John Bray, a Vermonter, went West to save souls and almost lost his own. What, in an ordinary setting, might have been merely an exciting tale of high adventure has been transmuted through its scene and its author's artistry into a faithful and fascinating reconstruction of our country in the beginning of its growth—a colorful pageant of American history. "It comes perilously close to being the long-sought Great American Novel."—Harry Emerson Wildes, *Phila. Public Ledger.* $2.50

ALL YE PEOPLE

by Merle Colby

18 East 48th St. **THE VIKING PRESS** New York City

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And if old age could ever come to lambs
If lambs could gallop at the speed of light;
We'll sing together, but we must not laugh,
Nor mourn in lamentations deep as laughter.

Remember, you are beautiful to me,
I've raised you from the dead to watch you die,
Remember, while you're still too young to close
Your eyes upon these sheep that are not yours,
We must be somber as the tamarisk,
Grave as the darkness tree, New Mexico;
You must make bowls, and I must tell the gourd:
Pretend to be a gourd vine growing here.

Books

Power-Knowledge

The Scientific Outlook. By Bertrand Russell. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

MR. RUSSELL has been quoted as calling "The Scientific Outlook" his first serious volume in five years, but the book is essentially a popularization when compared, say, with the same author's "Analysis of Matter." The ease with which it reads must in part be attributed to Mr. Russell's remarkable gifts for lucidity and compact statement, but it is owing partly, also, to an avoidance of some of the more abstruse phases of the subject. It appears to be Mr. Russell's present ambition to combine the logical rigor of a Hume with the mordant wit of a Voltaire. The combination would undoubtedly be an attractive one, and Mr. Russell at times comes surprisingly near to achieving it; but it is also an unstable and perilous union, and it is to be feared that recently the wit has too often been getting the better of the logician. It is chiefly the love of paradox and striking statement, I think, that leads Mr. Russell into such an inconsistency as this, for example. On page 95 we find him saying: "The universe is all spots and jumps, without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness or any of the other properties that governesses love." Yet, on page 107, where he is attacking the notion of free will, he remarks: "It is true that we cannot predict human actions with any completeness, but this is quite sufficiently accounted for by the complication of the mechanism, and by no means demands the hypothesis of complete lawlessness, which is found to be false wherever it can be carefully tested." On page 120 he goes still further, and remarks that it now seems "more probable than it ever was before that all natural phenomena are governed by the laws of physics."

Now clearly it would be difficult to reconcile these statements. The truth seems to be that our present knowledge does not permit us to say either that the universe is completely "orderly" or completely "chaotic." Certainly from our human standpoint we could not have a conception either of chaos or order unless we had had experience of both; and each concept necessarily implies the other.

Mr. Russell's book is divided into three parts. In Part One he discusses scientific method and the relations of science and religion. For scientific method he insists, of course, on the role of observation and experiment. But observation of particular facts is not enough to constitute science: the scientific ideal is to arrive by induction from these particular facts to a general law, and then by deduction from the general law to be able to infer and verify other particular facts: "A fact, in science, is not a mere fact, but an instance." In his chapter on Science and Religion, the most forcible and eloquent in the volume, Mr. Russell devotes most of his space to attacking the recent pious conclusions of Messrs. Eddington and Jeans: "Eddington deduces religion from the fact that atoms do not obey the laws of mathematics. Jeans deduces it from the fact that they do. Both these arguments have been accepted with equal enthusiasm by the theologians."

In Part Two Mr. Russell discusses both the past and the probable future applications of science to nature and man. A hundred and fifty years of science, he tells us, have proved more explosive than five thousand years of pre-scientific culture, and it is likely that science will continue for centuries to come to produce more and more rapid changes. It is success in this practical test of power over the environment, or adaptation to it, indeed, which has given science its prestige among the masses. In this section Mr. Russell indulges himself a little too much in his familiar vein of half-serious, half-ironic, and sometimes almost masochistic prediction, much of which reads like an early H. G. Wells novel; but he does draw a significant distinction between "power-knowledge" and "love-knowledge." Science has increasingly substituted the former for the latter. It is power-knowledge—that knowledge about an object which enables us to manipulate it with advantage to ourselves—that is glorified by the philosophies of pragmatism and instrumentalism; and it is against the increasing dominance of this attitude in our age of industrialism that Mr. Russell pleads for understanding for its own sake, for disinterested contemplation, for love-knowledge—the kind of knowledge possessed by the lover, the artist, the poet, and the mystic. "Even more important than knowledge is the life of the emotions. A world without delight and without affection is a world destitute of value."

HENRY HAZLITT

Androcles and the Lioness

Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence. Edited by Christopher St. John. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

DESPITE the profusion of sweethearts, darlings, dearests, and other such excursions into amorous terminology and despite the emphasis laid by the publisher's press agents upon its rich flavor of love, this is an impersonal book. The motions of love, at least on the part of its male contributor, are duly gone through, and on the part of his visioned Dulcinea there is an occasional shrewd imitation of reciprocation, but as for any real love story told through the medium of letters the impression gained is of a game of "post office" rather than anything resembling the grand passion. "Unlike many such correspondences, the letters were evidently written without a thought of their possible publication," announces a prefatory note. Tell that to the British equivalent of our marines, Christopher! That Miss Terry wrote her letters without a thought of their possible publication is doubtless true, but that Mr. Shaw, canny fellow, did not have at least one eye on the public when he composed his imposes a too considerable strain upon the credulity of anyone at all privy to the inner mechanism of the belletristic mind, and particularly such a one as that of the practical littérateur in point. Aware that the audience for sound dramatic criticism is neither wide nor, so far as book royalties go, profitable, and perhaps sagaciously looking ahead into a future whose prosperity he could not, in those early reviewing and playwriting days, foresee, the cunning Bernard—appreciating that the public will always buy love letters even at the risk of foregoing dinner—simply wrote dramatic criticism in the form of amorous correspondence, bided his time, and will now undoubtedly reap the harvest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is as a dramatic critic and writer of prefaces rather than as a lover that Shaw, in terms of the present volume, should properly be appreciated. As a lover he is, and by his own interlinear and sometimes franker confession, something of a dud. But as a commentator on the drama his immense discernment is constantly manifest, for all the camouflage of verbal osculations and heart flutterings with which he cleverly addresses his hypothetical inamorata and thereby essays to persuade her to accept him not as a dramatic critic with high ambitions as a playwright, but as a wooer, gallant, and very intensive biological specimen. In the latter role, as I have observed, he is anything but convincing. His conduct of the theoretical love affair with Miss Terry, as revealed by these documents, suggests nothing so much as the amorous epistolary dalliance of a paradoxically articulate moving-picture fan with some remote movie belle. The tender phraseology, allowing for the Shavian skill at writing, is essentially the same; the technique of approach is, at bottom, not dissimilar; the attitude, if not the cloak of engaging literature in which it is here concealed, is much the same basic attitude. "Dear Miss Garbo: I have worshiped you at a distance for years. But I tremble to meet you in person lest it destroy my illusion." Change the Garbo to Terry, incorporate a short essay on how best to cut this or that Shakespearean play, and you have the essence of all the Shaw letters. And also, vice versa, minus the Shakespearean acumen, of many of Miss Terry's.

It is an interesting book, this. But its interest lies wholly apart from its pretenses in the direction of Strephon and Chloe. It is interesting for Shaw's views of the theater of the period and for his criticism of it. It is also interesting for the curiously disturbing picture of Miss Terry—the toast of her time—that Miss Terry's own letters present. Not only does this lady of fair illusion allow us to see her as a woman clever enough to coquet with a critic and playwright who might be of service to her, as a business woman with an eye to the main chance, and as an actress artfully skilled in the technique of oblique flattery, but—sad, sad revelation!—as something of a whiner and as a disillusioning recorder of a whole repertoire of sentimentally affronting physical defects and malaises. "I've ghastly aches all over me, a cold in every inch of my body"; "My red nose and pouring eyes"; "Aching, every inch of me. I've had the flu"; "I am so tired today, tired and cross"; "I'm cold as a vegetable marrow"; "My eyes are puffed up"; "The last three nights I've felt like frozen leather"; "I've rheumatism in my knee"; "I'm a real old hen"; "I have been ghastly this last week—neuralgia in the palate" (even Shaw gagged at this. "For heaven's sake, my dearest darling Ellen, don't tell me such frightful things about yourself! What new and horrible invention is 'neuralgia of the palate'?—it goes right down into my entrails!"); "I have new 'ralgia' or 'ritis' or some such thing." And so in every other letter, to the agonized despair of her romantic correspondent and other possible sentimentalists.

But—and this is the important point—it is plain that the lady went about the business of disillusioning Shaw deliberately. Even a casual reading of her replies to his many missives indicates that, like all actresses over thirty in contact with men of letters, she preferred to have him esteem her mental attainments rather than her person, and through such esteem to win him over to dramatic and critical uses. What is even more unmistakable is that she was, during much of this time, in love with her co-player, Henry Irving, and had heart and eyes for him alone. That Shaw suspected as much—a circumstance that may conceivably explain a share of his critical hostility toward Irving, despite the fact that no one can fail to admire the soundness of his devastating appraisals of the man as actor—is to be perceived in his inquiry, "Who is my rival? Is it Henry?" But Miss Terry made no bones about the matter. In the midst of all her terms of endearment for Shaw, it is Henry this and

Emotional love as it affects the fate of various types of American men and

women, represented here by five generations of one family, is the theme of

EVELYN SCOTT'S

masterpiece

A Calendar of Sin

Two volumes, boxed, $5.00

THESE THIRTEEN — **William Faulkner**

The first collection of Faulkner's short stories to be published in book form.

Regular edition, $2.50
Autographed, limited edition, $7.50

RED BREAD — **Maurice Hindus**

"There have been any number of books on Russia—scientific, carefully written, clever, informative. But Hindus adds something else—the human touch. The public found that out when he wrote *Humanity Uprooted. Red Bread* is just as good."—HARRY HANSEN.

Illustrated, $3.50

FIGHTING BOB EVANS — **Edwin A. Falk**

A fascinating biography of our greatest naval hero since the Civil War. Kipling described him as "the man who has lived more stories than Zogbaum or I could invent." *Foreword by FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.*

Illustrated, $5.00

WHY RECOGNIZE RUSSIA — **Louis Fischer**

"The best handbook available on the question."—*LUDWELL DENNY, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.*

$2.00

Startling disclosures in

America's Siberian Adventure

by MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM S. GRAVES

The commanding general of the American troops sent to Siberia in 1918 gives here a frank and at times startling account of exactly what went on during the nineteen months the expedition was there. *Foreword by former Secretary of War NEWTON D. BAKER.* $3.50

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
139 East 46th Street — New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MACMILLAN Fall Books

of Special Interest to Nation Readers

MEXICO

By STUART CHASE

In collaboration with Marian Tyler

65th Thousand

A best-seller everywhere. "The basic philosophy which Chase has for some time been developing . . . finds its completest fruition in this latest essay. He has made a unique and valuable contribution to current enlightenment."
—ERNEST GRUENING in the *Saturday Review* $3.00

MAHATMA GANDHI AT WORK

Edited by C. F. ANDREWS

The epic story contained in this second volume of Gandhi's autobiography goes far to explain the beliefs and methods through which he has reached a unique place among the leaders of world thought. $2.50

MODERN CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL

By C. DELISLE BURNS

"He provides us, with singular charm and persuasiveness, with an announcement of practical salvation, into which all men of good-will can enter . . . This is an extraordinarily competent exposition of political modernism, full of good things."—GEORGE E. G. CATLIN in *The Nation* $2.50

IN DEFENSE OF TOMORROW

By ROBERT D. BOWDEN

An analysis of modern American life and culture which won the $3,000 prize given by Mr. John G. Agar for the best book on "The Soul of America." *Publication late October.* $2.00

New $1 Editions

A PREFACE TO MORALS
By WALTER LIPPMANN

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH
By STUART CHASE and F. S. SCHLINK

FEAR By JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER

•

A PLANNED SOCIETY
By GEORGE SOULE

The central problem of our civilization today is examined comprehensively in this new book. Mr. Soule presents a program for a rational and planned economy.
Probable price $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue New York

Henry that, ever solicitous for his health and welfare, defending him from his self-imagined rival's sneers, and putting his critic in his place with such gently sardonic and rebuking little-finger waggings as "dear gentleman!" "you are a dear, kind old fellow," "I find when I am halfway through your letter that I am puckering up my face and pitying you so," etc. But it is always "I think H. I. might not have seen the joke"; "H. I. will be wonderful and look his best. He comes out of that box well, I tell you!"; "H. has so much *character*. You'd like him"; "H. I. is no fool"; "I only do it [play certain parts] to please H. I."; "You say H. I. is cautious, as well he may be"; "I acted to please Henry when I was frightfully ill"; "If H. I. played Pisanio I'd suggest it at once, for he'd do it better than E. T."; "Henry in hurting his poor knee . . . "; "While Henry remains so ill"—H. I., Henry, always H. I., Henry. Yet when her epistolary worshiper suffers a grievous ailment of the foot, with operations necessary, with real work out of the question, and with sympathy—and maybe a little personal presence—from his adored one prayed for out of an unhappy heart, what does he get? He gets only this: "I'm afraid about that foot. Do tell Miss P. T. to come back and look after it, or somebody. Your mother probably would be best of all. Now don't neglect it. I do wish I knew what the doctor says about it. What doctor saw it? Tell me. Goodby, you pathetic old thing"—signed abruptly with initials.

No, the heroine of this pseudo-ecstatic correspondence is not Miss Ellen Terry, but the quiet, withdrawn, gentle, modest, intelligent, and understanding woman who moves, superior and doubtless highly amused, between its extravaganza lines—the Miss P. T. who came back and looked after Bernard's foot when Ellen was too unconcerned to bother, the charming then Miss Charlotte Frances Payne-Townshend, the present Mrs. George Bernard Shaw. GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Not Quite Classic

The Epic of America. By James Truslow Adams. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

HISTORIANS so excellent as James Truslow Adams, so learned, so vigorous, so enlightened, so often original in their opinions, ought either to learn how to write better or else to submit themselves to the warning, pruning hand of somebody who can take the trouble. Any reader of taste must wince when Mr. Adams, after working properly if not entirely out of sight behind his epic story for seven-eighths of the book, suddenly thrusts himself upon the page with a trivial anecdote about his father and the elder J. P. Morgan. The intrusion is as irritating as a grain of sand in an eye fixed eagerly upon a battle. Such a reader must wince several times again during the hurried remainder of the history, as at Mr. Adams's references to what he has written elsewhere or may still write about American manners, or at his hackneyed " 'keeping up with the Joneses,' " here acutely out of pitch, or at his ardent paragraphs on the Library of Congress, which deserves all he says but which belongs in his Epilogue no more than in Abyssinia. It is possible, of course, that his sensitive reader will have gone beyond wincing while squirming at Mr. Adams's quotations from inferior poetry or at his variations on "Ol' Man River"—variations executed with what seems to have been a fine impulse to enrich the epic but without the skill which is always needed in the management of a refrain in prose. And yet a fastidious taste may insist on being fastidious while pardoning Mr. Adams, because of the weight of his substance, the heaviness of his style.

Of course he writes better than most of the members of the American Historical Association. Even some of the mem-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bers of the Modern Language Association of America do that. But in this book he has not the excuse which the blunt historians and downright antiquarians of those learned societies offer, generally with a proud self-satisfaction; he cannot say that as a scientist he is robustly outside the laws which govern men of letters. After all, he classed himself, at least in some degree, with the poets when he named his treatise an epic, not a history. His book is not a monograph or a chain of monographs, laboriously advancing new points or destroying old positions. He does not parade, in swelling footnotes or flaunting bibliographies, his manifold and erudite indebtednesses. He has only retold a story of which the plot is already familiar. Whatever sharp insight he may bring to his theme or whatever revealing interpretations, whatever novel proportions he may give the various episodes, whatever life he may put into what was dead—all these are literary and not scientific undertakings, as truly as were Shakespeare's dramatic versions of the moral Plutarch. Judged as a man of letters Mr. Adams may be said to have done less with his epic than might reasonably have been expected.

Perhaps genuine distinction of style was above his reach. No man who could write "It was an inevitable corollary of equality of opportunity" can have a good ear for tone or rhythm. But something less than genius, in fact, no more than determination or patience, is required to make prose careful, exact, even, fresh. If a writer demands these qualities of his prose, he runs the happy risk of making it harmonious as well. Mr. Adams, always energetic and sometimes eloquent, is apparently unaware of his occasional bathos and unafraid of innumerable expressions which were flat when they were first used and have become thin and slick from a long currency. His prose sounds as if it had been written in boiling haste, like much journalism. Perhaps it was. Perhaps Mr. Adams had no more time than he seems to have allowed himself. That explanation, however, will not lengthen the life of his book by a merciful second. In art there are no excuses.

It is worth some discomfort to be insistent, if not finical, on the question of Mr. Adams's style, because otherwise his shortcomings, which are almost the trade-mark of American historians, will probably not be pointed out. Allan Nevins, the only living historian who can write faster than Mr. Adams, considers "The Epic of America" "the best single volume on American history in existence." It is an excellent book. It is learned, vigorous, enlightened, original in its opinions. But it is not quite a classic. If a writer takes care of his matter, will his manner not take care of itself? It will not.

CARL VAN DOREN

Perhaps Anderson

Perhaps Women. By Sherwood Anderson. Horace Liveright. $2.

IT'S impossible for me to review Sherwood Anderson. To be cold, impersonal, a trifle high hat. I'd be fooling myself with words and an attitude. Suddenly the attitude would crack, like enamel on a New York woman's face. It would be a silly subterfuge and I'd get personal. It's better to talk back at Anderson, to be Middle Western, the way you were born.

Perhaps I like Sherwood Anderson because I am a Middle Westerner. To read him is like going home. My father talks the way Sherwood Anderson writes. It's a language I can understand and a kind of poetry. None of your poetic kind of poetry that has gone stale and lost much of its meaning. But real poetry with concrete images and symbols and music that can be found in the cadences of American speech.

And now I have Anderson's latest book before me. It's a little book, and if you have quick eyes, you can read it in half

NEW FALL BOOKS FROM CHAPEL HILL

JULIA COLLIER HARRIS (Editor)
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS: EDITOR AND ESSAYIST. Miscellaneous literary, political and social writings. The general public is acquainted only with Uncle Remus—this volume presents the creator of Uncle Remus in a new light: that of a truthful, sympathetic interpreter of his section's problems and aspirations. October 30. $4.00

JOHN C. BLANKENAGEL
THE DRAMAS OF HEINRICH VON KLEIST. A biographical and critical study. Since only a very few of Kleist's works have ever been translated, and these are not readily and easily available, Kleist is not known by the English reading public. Today Kleist is recognized as one of the greatest of German dramatists, and there are some critics who would give his *Prinz Von Homburg* rank equal to that of any play ever written. This volume will serve as an excellent introduction to Kleist. October 16. $3.00

GEORGE S. MITCHELL
TEXTILE UNIONISM AND THE SOUTH. From the point of view of the general public welfare, what has been the contribution of textile unions to the South? Are textile unions socially desirable or not? To give intelligent answers to these questions it is necessary to know the history of the union movement, and the effect which unions have had or may have in the way of educating workers, managers, owners, and raising the general standard of living. September 4. $1.00

WILLIAM WAY, Jr.
THE CLINCHFIELD RAILROAD. An economic history of the attempts to establish railway transportation across the rugged mountains between the Ohio Valley and the Southeastern Piedmont, and an account of the building of the Clinchfield Railroad, which passes through a country rich in natural resources, cuts athwart the Appalachian Mountains, crosses seven important divides, passes through some of the most rugged and picturesque country east of the Mississippi, has fifty-five tunnels and almost five miles of bridges. Fully illustrated. August 21. $5.00

FRANCIS B. SIMKINS and R. H. WOODY
SOUTH CAROLINA DURING RECONSTRUCTION. Believing that South Carolina has been effected by Reconstruction more than by any other single phase of her history, the authors have set as their purpose not only the telling of the political story but also the re-creating of "the life of a people during a short span of years." The book therefore contains such illuminating chapters as those dealing with the problems of agriculture and free labor, commerce, transportation, the church and religious life, progress in education, and the darker and brighter phases of social life. November 27. $8.00

THEODORE SIZER AND OTHERS
ASPECTS OF THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF AMERICA. The Mary Tuttle Bourdon Lectures given at Mount Holyoke College, 1930-31. Contents: The Development of American Art, by Theodore Sizer; Some Reflections on the American Revolution, by Andrew C. McLaughlin; Are We Better than Our Ancestors, by Dixon Ryan Fox; Thoreau and the Machine Age, by Henry Seidel Canby. October 16. $1.50

PAUL W. WARD
INTELLIGENCE IN POLITICS. A study of the possibilities of developing and enlisting more social intelligence in affairs of national and international importance. October 15. $1.50

DUANE McCRACKEN
STRIKE INJUNCTIONS IN THE NEW SOUTH. Case Studies of the effects of Injunctions in North Carolina, Elizabethton, Tennessee, and Danville, Virginia. October 16. $3.00

A complete descriptive list of new and recent titles will be sent on request

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
CHAPEL HILL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MODERN ECONOMIC SOCIETY

By SUMNER H. SLICHTER

A vigorous and realistic exposition of the principles upon which our modern economic society is based. The book treats economic society as a living system, pulsating with the breath and imperfections of life itself. It is comprehensive in scope, scientific in attitude and written with the skill and lucidity of the seasoned stylist. $5.00

AMERICAN LITERATURE

As An Expression of The National Mind

By RUSSELL BLANKENSHIP

In this one volume we have a complete critical history of American literature, given in terms of its social and cultural backgrounds. Incisive and forthright, this book throws new light on many aspects of our literary history. $4.00

THE SOVIET'S CONQUER WHEAT

The Drama of Collective Farming

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

"A colorful and spirited narrative. . . . More than any other of our writers on Russia she has the gift of vivid and authentic detail. The fervor, the fanaticism, the confusion, the clamor, the vast churning up process now under way in Russia's fields are excellently suggested."—Simeon Strunsky, *N. Y. Times. Illustrated.* $2.50

FASCISM

By MAJOR J. S. BARNES

Observations on Fascism, not as an isolated phenomemon but as a method of political thought, which, whatever its faults in actual application, has many good points in a changing, shifting world. $1.25

LIQUOR CONTROL

By GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

"Anyone who wishes to know all that is known and is worth knowing about alcoholic drinks will find most of it in this little book. . . . It is quite impartial and it covers the whole field."—*London Times Literary Supplement.* $1.25

THE MEASUREMENT OF INTERESTS

By DOUGLAS FRYER

A thorough summary of all that has been done in the experimental measurement of human interest. The author emphasizes the intimate connection between one's natural interests and the choice of a career. Especially helpful to persons interested in vocational and educational guidance. $4.50

THE TECHNIQUE OF SOCIAL PROGRESS

By HORNELL HART

A comprehensive and skillfully integrated study of human progress from our crude prehistoric beginnings to our present high development. Every phase of cultural advance is illustrated by a vast amount of pertinent detail. The book is a genuine contribution to the study of modern civilization. $4.00

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

One Park Avenue **New York City**

an hour. It is a poem written in essay form about women and machines. American women and American-made machines. Each little essay may be taken as a division of the poem. And each subdivision of the essays may be taken as a stanza.

The book made me think of something that happened nine years ago. I had a friend, another Middle Westerner. He was a big man, all of six feet two with a chest built like a tar barrel. He had been a football star at prep school. By the time he got to college something went wrong with his eyes. He dropped football, took to reading books, drinking raw alcohol, chasing town girls. When the war came, he was drafted out of college. He hated the army. It killed his personality and made him weak. He used to sit down and cry whenever he thought of his dead mother. She had been strong and he was weak. He was a big man and she had been a little woman.

Now he was having trouble with his wife. We were sitting in a noisy New York restaurant and talking about it. He was telling me not to get married. Get away, he said, run away, but don't get married. Women own this country. You have to leave this country to get away from women. Here you can't get away from sex and you can't get away from women. He said it was hell and American women were running the hell they made out of this country.

All this talk took place nine years ago. It's the same kind of talk I found in Sherwood Anderson's new book. My friend was a young man then, well under thirty. Perhaps he'd talk the same way now, but I doubt it. That kind of talk has been dead for some time, and it seems strange to hear Anderson repeating it today. It sounds funny to hear Sherwood Anderson talk like a Middle Western college boy of nine years ago.

Whenever Anderson writes about women, it's as though he had taken the words out of my friend's mouth. What he says about machines is pure poetry. I remember one essay, Lift Up Thine Eyes. It appeared in *The Nation* some time ago. Very likely a good many of *The Nation* readers will remember it. It's a good poem to remember, strong and lyrical. A terrifying indictment of the machine age, written by a man who stands in awe of all machinery. He is a Middle Western Ajax defying Jove. His knees are shaking, but his voice is heard rising above the thunder, above the roar of the machines.

Sherwood Anderson is a subtle man, a complex man. Young critics, fresh from Harvard, in derby hats and stiff white collars, borrowed from Irving Babbitt, are laughing at him. They say: Look at Anderson! He's ignorant. He's crude. He's naive.

They're wrong. It's the young critic who is ignorant and naive.

If a successful business man is ignorant of the business that made him wealthy, then Anderson is ignorant. If a fox is crude and naive, then Anderson is twice as crude and naive as any fox leading a huntsman into a Carolina swamp.

Anderson is an American business man turned inside out, like the great majority of writers who come from the Middle West. Sinclair Lewis is one and Carl Sandburg is another. They can't stand failure. Rather than fail, they will stop writing. But they are sensitive, abnormally sensitive.

One might say that Anderson stopped writing long ago. He is a story-teller, one of the best short-story writers America ever produced. He stopped writing stories. He could be more successful as a public figure. People would listen to him because he was Sherwood Anderson and no one else on earth. He is an individual. He cannot face failure in any form. It blots him out. The machine destroys an individual. Communism destroys what Anderson thinks he needs. I wish Sherwood Anderson would write more stories. They would give him discipline and strength. I wish he would go to Russia. Even against his will, his faith would be restored.

HORACE GREGORY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"So Wrapped in Rectitude"

Matthias at the Door. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THE faiths whereby men live and how these sometimes fail—this is the subject matter of almost all Mr. Robinson's narrative poems. It was the philosophical approach made to the Arthurian tales; it has been the theme of the poet's last three narrative poems—of "Cavendar's House," of "The Glory of the Nightingales," and now of "Matthias at the Door." The poem is a study of how Matthias, whose faith is in his own rectitude, is stripped of complacency until nothing is left him, not even self-pity, and how he comes to understand the significance of lives other than his own.

No other living poet has Robinson's quiet comprehension of life as seen through the lense of the intelligent and very sensitive mind; no other poet is capable of treating such intricate characters. Frost's people are much simpler, and Jeffers's far more primitive. The characters of Robinson's poems are in general not only philosophically inclined but also poetically receptive to what they see and feel. In this latest poem we have the portrait of an imaginative and intense woman, Natalie, the wife of the righteous Matthias, the most completely realized study of a woman the poet has yet given us. We have also the fine portraits of three intelligent men: of Garth, the skeptic, whose life ends in futility and suicide; of Timberlake, the man of wisdom and folly, who deliberately makes of his weaknesses a kind of strength and who dies of drink and exposure; and of Matthias, "wrapped in rectitude," whose strength is his great weakness and who must live through to the end.

Robinson succeeds in the narrative form where almost all other modern poets fail because he is capable of selecting those incidents in drama which are highly significant and symbolic. He dwells upon these incidents to the exclusion of any exposition. When Matthias chooses a site for his house, for example, it is on a hill and with a calm outlook, even as is his life until its premises are questioned. Garth, seeking death, goes down into the gorge with its Egyptian-like grandeur and its door of darkness. Natalie, too, realizing the lie upon which her life is built, seeks out this gorge and its door of death. And after Timberlake's death, Matthias, isolated in his own disintegrating world, comes gradually to wish to die, until at last, walking in his sleep, he too goes down into the gorge and up to the dark door, and there, still held by his dream, hears the voice of Garth commanding him to return to life. He wakens there in the darkness to realize where he is and to understand that he must go back into the sunlight and to his house on the hill:

> The night was cold,
> And in the darkness was a feel of death,
> But in Matthias was a warmth of life,
> Or birth, defending and sustaining him
> With Patience, and with an expectancy
> That he had said would never in life again
> Be his to know. There were long hours to wait,
> And dark hours; and he met their length and darkness
> With a vast gratitude that humbled him
> And warmed him while he waited for the dawn.

And so always, in Robinson's lines, the reality of the subject—the scene and the character—is fused with the poet's vision. Presenting sensitive characters as he does, the poet can allow these characters fine feelings and symbolic and highly poetic language. The result, aesthetically, is a high level in beauty of language and feeling.

It has been said repeatedly that Robinson's deepest concern is with the idealism at the root of failure. It has not so fre-

UPTON SINCLAIR
gives us his greatest novel
THE WET PARADE

NOT since "The Jungle" has a book by Sinclair roused such controversy. It's the dramatic picture of three generations of an American family, whose women had cause to fear liquor. And it's a damning indictment of Prohibition which does not prohibit; of Mr. Hoover's "5% enforcement"; of Wall Street financing murder and corruption to maintain a rotting social structure. "The only novel which describes a bootlegger as he really is."—W. E. WOODWARD. $2.50

MARGARET SANGER
tells the inside story of her life-long battle for women
MY FIGHT FOR BIRTH CONTROL

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL dynamite! It took seventeen years to make birth control "respectable" and this one woman did it. A brave, human self-revealing document which tells for the first time the true story of the raids, the political persecutions, and the embattled superstition which she and her followers fought, and are still fighting. $3.00

T. SWANN HARDING
dissects the downfall of the professions
The DEGRADATION of SCIENCE

A FRONTAL attack on the current prostitution of science, medicine, journalism, religion, etc., that goes deep to the underlying causes in a civilization built on profits. $3.00

SHERWOOD EDDY
puts a spotlight on Asia's unrest
The CHALLENGE of the EAST

IN China, Japan, India, Korea, the Philippines, a new ferment is at work. What is it? What does it mean to the rest of the world? Who are its leaders? And what are they doing? The author of 'The Challenge of Russia' presents a brilliant analysis. $2.50

SOGLOW *hands you a laugh*
PRETTY PICTURES

THE funniest book of the year. It contains all of Soglow's best work, 100 pages of published and couldn't be published drawings. It is a bawdy, truthful commentary upon life and manners, A.D. 1931. $2.00

FARRAR & RINEHART, Publishers

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW BOOK BY
AMERICA'S FOREMOST THINKER

John Dewey's

PHILOSOPHY AND CIVILIZATION

PROFESSOR DEWEY'S new book presents an admirable summary of his views on a wide variety of subjects. Anyone who is desirous of understanding the tenets of the man who has had so profound an influence on modern philosophic thought both here and abroad can do no better than to read this important book. *Also by John Dewey* THE QUEST FOR CERTAINTY; INDIVIDUALISM, OLD AND NEW. $5.00

MINTON, BALCH & CO., 2 W. 45th St., NEW YORK

THE MAKING OF CITIZENS

By Charles E. Merriam

A comparative study of the methods of eight great states. France, Germany, England, Italy, Soviet Russia, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, and the United States. $3.00

CHINA IN REVOLUTION

By Harley F. MacNair

To clarify the conflicting aims, institutions, and personalities involved in a great struggle which has been in process for more than a generation. $2.50

The University of Chicago Press

quently been pointed out that the intensities reached in his narrative poems are those of the dramatic interaction of character upon character. These last three poems prove the poet's ability in the treatment of human drama. They are a profound and important elaboration of his fundamental themes, themes which were heard in his earliest verse and which have continued to command the poet's analysis, and they present his matured understanding of human nature and of the forces that motivate it. No more can be asked of a poet than that he widen and deepen his observation until it becomes a comprehensive study of life, a poetic philosophy which is illuminating and satisfying to both the heart and the mind, and this is the accomplishment of the mature Robinson.

EDA LOU WALTON

Men Like Walpole

The Endless Adventure. By F. S. Oliver. Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

THE adventure to which Mr. Oliver refers in the title of his latest book is the adventure of governing men. His object is to show how British politicians of the first half of the eighteenth century carried on, "to consider their craftsmanship rather than their morals, and the effects which their actions produced, not so much on the felicity of their country as on their own careers." The first two volumes, here published in one, come to the year 1735, when Walpole was at the height of his power; and two more are promised. The first volume, which ends with the death of George I in 1727, was published in England two years ago.

The author has read widely and critically in the memoirs, letters, and diaries written during the times of which he treats, and of course he has not neglected modern histories and biographies. He records his special indebtedness to Lord Stanhope's "History." But, unlike Mr. Namier, whose recently published works have taught us so much about the realities of English politics in the mid-eighteenth century, he has not resorted to unpublished sources. Digging in manuscripts he regarded as unnecessary for his purpose, which was "merely to write a commentary on events which history has already accepted." The commentary has notable merits; it is frequently shrewd and penetrating in its description of personal traits and its estimate of motives. But history's acceptances are not always final, and it is precisely such investigation as Mr. Oliver has avoided that has often made it necessary to modify or reject them.

"The predominant motive of the politicians is ever their own advantage." So, speaking of Aaron Burr as a typical politician, Mr. Oliver wrote in the highly acclaimed book, published nearly twenty-five years ago, which introduced Alexander Hamilton to the British reading public. In a long and discursive introductory essay on politics and politicians he now returns to this proposition and rings the changes on it. The trouble with it is that it gives us a very uncertain test by which to determine whether or not an individual engaged in political activities belongs to the genus politician, for we can never be sure about the relative influence of motives. And if, as the author says, the special business of the politician is to gain, retain, and exercise power—"The prime motive of the politician is not to do good to humanity or even to his own country, but simply to gain power for himself"—it is somewhat startling to be told that politics is "the noblest career that any man can choose." Noble is not the adjective that most of us would choose to apply to Walpole or Bolingbroke or Newcastle or Pulteney or any of the other politicians whose performances are described in these pages.

The author is not much interested in political issues or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political thought and not at all interested in institutional evolution. It is true that during the early Georgian period there was not much significant political thinking in England, but it was then that the cabinet system was coming into existence. Mr. Oliver tells us nothing about its development. His concern is with the personalities and motives and political technique, the schemings and rivalries and jealousies of the men who contended for power and office in England two hundred years ago. Of these, Walpole was incomparably the ablest and most successful, and he properly holds the center of the stage; he is, for Mr. Oliver, "the archetype of the *normal* politician who forces his way into the highest positions." Nor are his contemporaries neglected. The character sketches in which the book abounds give it its chief distinction. Written with insight and great literary skill, they are all worth reading, and some of them are masterly. The author does not claim to have made contributions to history, and he has not done so. His work is a brilliant popularization of history, of the type that is in much vogue at present.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

A Finished First Novel

The Opening of a Door. By George Davis. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE most important fact about this first novel is that it was written by a young man of twenty-four. The smoothness of the prose, the unity of the tone, the author's calm refusal to pose any difficulties of whose solution he is not wholly confident: these are all the marks of a practiced craftsman. "The Opening of a Door" is one of the most unfirstish first novels I have ever read. It is difficult to believe it the work of one so young.

The material is an echo. Novels revolving about the decay of a family have been written before; and many of them achieve their particular poignancy, as does Mr. Davis's, by contrasting the vitality, humor, and assurance of the first generation with the disharmony and relative feebleness of the second. It is, for example, the formula of "The Matriarch," except that Mr. Davis suffuses it with a certain autumnal sadness of atmosphere very remote from Miss Stern's straightforward vigor. His people, too, are reminiscent—though it is quite probable that they are all drawn rigorously from life. His eccentric aunts and uncles we have surely met before: Alexandra, love-starved and finding consolation in Yogi mysticism and deep-breathing exercises; Theodora, the "vital" one, a faint reflection of Isadora Duncan; Lincoln, the childish sentimentalist, finding in alcoholic rages some relief for his wife-dominated, tortured existence; Flora, the tactless, humorless old maid. Amid these childish fumblers is set a young boy, the nephew Edward: remote, critical, already the literary eye-and-mind—in a sense, the only adult in the book, if one excepts the very lightly sketched figure of Uncle Daniel. This device, too, has all the respectability of tradition. It is a legitimate mechanism for the imposing upon rather loose and refractory material the "point of view" Percy Lubbock so insisted on.

But what gives "The Opening of a Door" part of its undoubted value is Mr. Davis's calm refusal to treat his material as a hand-me-down. The force of the book derives, first, from the poetic haze which surrounds the story, an atmosphere not entirely unlike that which we associate with Willa Cather; and, second, from the clarity and certainty of the style. There are an occasional preciosity and half a dozen bits of fine writing which Mr. Davis is probably already regretting; but otherwise the style is remarkably finished and mature, certainly as effective in its own way as was Wescott's prose in "The Apple of the Eye."

Selected Books for NATION *Readers...*

PIE IN THE SKY

By FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN.—A rugged and moving novel of a family of American reds, and of the rebellion of the youngest son against revolutionary ideas. —$2.50

PAN'S PARISH

By LOUISE REDFIELD PEATTIE.—A delightful fantasy, flavored with satire, of Pan in his Proveçal parish. A book for discriminating readers. —$2.00

CROSSINGS

By ALICE MASSIE.—A modern love story built on one of the most unusual devices ever used in modern fiction. A significant literary achievement. —$2.00

CANE JUICE

By JOHN EARLE UHLER.—A story of the Louisiana cane sugar country, revealing the development of a raw son of the soil into a leader of his people. —$2.50

THE YOUNG MRS. MEIGS

By ELIZABETH CORBETT.—The story of a "young woman of eighty" and some of the old-young people of her family. "A thoroughly delightful novel."—*N. Y. Times.* —$2.00

Non-fiction

THE INSECT MENACE

By L. O. HOWARD.—Presenting a true picture of the warfare being waged between the insect world and the human race. "Rivals the best murder mystery stories." —$3.50

SAVAGE PARADISE

By MARGARET MATCHES.—Something new and refreshing in travel-adventure books—the story of a vagabond girl who roamed the strange corners of the earth. *Illustrated.* —$4.00

BENEDICT ARNOLD

Patriot and Traitor

By OSCAR SHERWIN.—A book which throws new light on the life of Benedict Arnold. *Harry Hansen* says: "Mr. Sherwin writes a vivid, dramatic, swift-running narrative." *Illustrated.* —$4.00

MEXICO *and its* HERITAGE

By ERNEST GRUENING.—Originally published at six dollars, this monumental work on Mexico is now available in a new low priced edition. *Fully illustrated.* —$3.00

THE CENTURY CO.

Publishers of *The New Century Dictionary*

353 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR

Organized Destruction and Mass Murder by Civilized Nations

By SCOTT NEARING

Author of "Black America," "The Twilight of Empire," etc.

Dr. Nearing contends that war is not a relapse into barbarism—rather, that it is the primary business of civilization.

At All Bookstores, $3

The VANGUARD PRESS

100 Fifth Avenue New York City

PASSAGES FROM ARABIA DESERTA

by CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

Selected by Edward Garnett

ARABIA DESERTA is generally conceded to be one of the greatest prose works of our time, and the greatest epic in all the literature of travel. *But* the cost of Doughty's masterpiece and its length—over thirteen hundred pages—have placed natural restrictions on its availability for many readers. Therefore, Passages from Arabia Deserta is a perfect solution and offers booklovers a unique experience and delight. The selections by Edward Garnett are of course admirable. *320 pages, with map and glossary.* *$2.50*

HORACE LIVERIGHT INC. NY.

Whether Mr. Davis has anything in particular to say is another problem. The book offers no clue. Edward, presumably the author's mouthpiece, is a relatively unimportant character and hardly emerges from the story except toward the end, where he is nipped by the pincers of the plot—what there is of it. "The Opening of a Door" is not a personal book at all; it is an exercise in observation rather than statement. And the observation itself, while always shrewd and intelligent, seems consciously undercharged. One feels that Mr. Davis, perhaps aware that his fey Scotch family tempts the operatic touch, has consciously decided to use cool grays and silver rather than a bold and dramatic chiaroscuro. It is a pity, for an injection of vigor and warmth would have lifted "The Opening of a Door" out of the class of the merely admirable into that of the really moving. Perhaps in his next book Mr. Davis will not be so fearful of letting go. Let us hope so: authors and women who are too careful tend to be disappointing.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

Books in Brief

The Three Brothers. By Edwin Muir. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

This is the first novel to be published by the well-known young Scottish critic. It is laid in the middle of the sixteenth century during the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, when Mr. Muir's native land was divided between Calvinists and Catholics, and England and France were struggling for its possession. To judge by the story's confinement to the fortunes of the nowise outstanding Blackadder family, it may conceivably have been drawn from some obscure chronicle known to the author. It modestly declines to take the liberties usually taken by the historical novel; no great personages walk on its stage and we never find ourself a witness, through the eyes of a character, to some famous event. A similar restraint is practiced with regard to the hero, David Blackadder, the sensitive brother, who is neither heroic, symbolic, nor typical. (Nor, for that matter, interesting: he finds relief in the end from his inner problems by going to sleep over them.) Above all, it is a *sensible* novel. Everything is muffled in order to avoid the mistake that is usually made, by bad novelists, at that point. As a result it has so many negative virtues that there is scarcely any reason for reading it. It lacks freshness, color, backbone, excitement—not to mention clarity and point—and even the author seems to agree that it is dull.

The Love of Mario Ferraro. By Johan Wigmore Fabricius. Translated by Winifred Katzin. Simon and Schuster. $3.

One wishes that more popular writers were like Fabricius, the young Dutch novelist who is herewith introduced to the American public. He is not a snob or a merchant or a cutie or a scavenger. There is real love (along with the irresponsibility of love) in his Mario; and one feels that exactly the same is true of him. He has been blessed with that rare kind of lightheartedness which tinges his humor with a pathos such as we sometimes hear in a comic song. His Mario is first a young boatman in Capri, then a stowaway on a liner bound for South America, then a life-saving hero, then a rânch-owner in Alto-Paraguay, a cuckold, a jailbird, and finally the willing victim of a murderer's bullet. Not all parts of the story, unfortunately, are equally good. The best is on the boat, when we view the world from the steerage with that naive, imaginative wonder that comes only to the simple and the poor. Here Fabricius has created something, however fleeting. The appearance of an operetta-like talent such as his, at a time when the novel, except

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

commercially, has come to be considered almost solely a serious spiritual instrument, seems rather incongruous. This is hardly the day for a romancer. One hopes that he will find a form that will conserve and direct his talent, for it may lie within his innocence to produce some day the best kind of light popular comedy.

S. S. San Pedro. By James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

This short novel, which was first published in *Scribner's Magazine,* tells the story of a shipwreck in a manner which Conrad has made famous. In none of its passages is it so distinguished as Stephen Crane's "The Open Boat," either in writing or approach or effect. It is scarcely even dramatic or compelling, but it is not dull reading.

The Generations of Noah Edon. By David Pinski. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

This study of a Jewish family in parts is rather well done; it is sparsely written and to the point; but it resembles too closely a great many other novels. Strictly speaking, it is not a novel but a collection of short stories about people whose relation to each other is one of name and novelist's need only. The author tries by various and sundry devices, especially by means of the sudden catastrophic and melodramatic end, to pull it together. The house of Noah Edon collapses, but the unconnected sections stand as isolated from the ruin as before. The treatment is not profound enough to make it a work of distinction, but it is fairly good reading.

History of the Byzantine Empire. By A. A. Vasiliev. University of Wisconsin Studies. Two volumes. $6.

Prefaced by an able, thorough, and interesting account of the literature of Byzantine history and civilization, Professor Vasiliev's work is of great value. It is the most complete and, with the exception of the chapters in the Cambridge Mediaeval History, the most penetrating and scholarly account available in English. Were it a little more graphically written and a little less given to documentary discussion in the middle of the narrative, it would be a truly distinguished piece of historical writing.

Films

Musical Talkies

THE talkies have slipped deftly into the diversions of the stage musical-comedy form without creating a form of their own. In "Palmy Days" (Rialto), we see a talkie version of the stage form, edition of 1931-32, more comic than musical, alert and lightly derisive, its dance routines still photographed from the studio rafters, a lush, extravagant, wisecracking machine revolving about the genuinely comic talents of the singing Eddie Cantor. Its girls are astonishingly beautiful in a world of great physical beauty, its close-ups are not too persistent, and the tempo of the dialogue never lags. Yet, essentially, it is the old Mack Sennett comedy, with the chase, the comic hero, the bathing beauties, and the man in the ladies' Turkish bath. It is still a comedy with music, photographed by the cameras rather than originated by them.

"Die Lindenwirtin" (Europa), a German counterpart of the Hollywood film, might have been written thirty years ago; its wisecracks form part of a long and unchanging tradition. It has nothing to do with a present-day Europe, with the stream of post-war literature, the sense of revolution and of death. It is a thoughtless paradise of bourgeois delights. The *Studenten,*

"The Best Single Volume on American History in Existence."—Allan Nevins

THE EPIC OF AMERICA
BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS
The author of "The Adams Family" has here given us a brilliant panorama of American life from Columbus to Hoover. An Atlantic Book. 65th thousand. 17 woodcuts. $3.00

FISHERS OF BOOKS
BY BARTON CURRIE
A famous bibliophile discourses on his collection of rare books and his experiences in acquiring first issues and prized manuscripts. 76 illustrations. $4.00

FIRST NIGHTS AND FIRST EDITIONS
BY HARRY B. SMITH
Abounding in anecdotes of the theatre, this volume tells of the famous librettist's 300 comedies and operettas and of his adventures in collecting books. 16 Illustrations. $3.50

The Atlantic $5,000 Prize Book

FORTY-NINERS
BY ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT
The author, a noted authority on Western history, after studying 250 original journals and diaries of the Forty-Niners, has given us a complete chronicle of what happened to the thousands of men and women on the Overland Trail. An Atlantic Book. 106 illustrations. (Ready October 23). $3.50

GOOSE STEPS TO PEACE
BY JONATHAN MITCHELL
With breath-taking frankness the author tells us the inside story of the peace and disarmament conferences since Versailles. (Ready October 23). $2.50

THE REDISCOVERY OF JONES
BY SIMEON STRUNSKY
A delicious vindication of the derided average American, this volume, by an editorial writer of *The New York Times,* turns the table on the intellectuals. An Atlantic Book. $2.00

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW
I. Secretary of State to Imperial Chancellor
"The most sensational and entertaining, if not the most important of all post-bellum diplomatic reminiscences."—*The New York Times.* Second printing. $5.00
II. From the Morocco Crisis to Resignation
This second volume is even more arresting than the first. (Ready November 20th). $5.00

REPRESENTATIVE BRITISH DRAMAS: VICTORIAN AND MODERN
EDITED BY MONTROSE J. MOSES
This new edition contains complete texts of 23 plays including Maugham and Coward, and shows the progress of the British drama from 1820 to the present. $4.50

SHAKESPEARE VERSUS SHALLOW
BY LESLIE HOTSON
A centuries-buried chapter in Shakespeare's life is revealed by a distinguished scholar in his account of the most important single Shakespearean discovery. An Atlantic Book. $4.00

These books are for sale at all booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, *Boston*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for all their beer and spectacles and thick-bodied cavorting, are as unreal as the extravagant types of Hollywood. Yet the German types are excellent, the kitchen is real with the vapors of Schnitzel and beer, while the American kitchen of "Palmy Days" is a Hollywood absurdity.

The heroic type differs. The girls in "Palmy Days" are young and decorative. The German juveniles are middle-aged and smirk through long and gastronomic close-ups. "Die Lindenwirtin" is cruder and more middle-class than "Zwei Herzen," but its score is still in three-quarter time. "Palmy Days" is swifter, but the German film still falls on the beat of the waltz. Its humor is natural and sentimental, whereas the wise-cracks of "Palmy Days" are manufactured on Broadway by a galaxy of wits. "Die Lindenwirtin" has no new massing of pictorial effects; its roots are in the stage tradition. The Hollywood piece in its absurd irrelevance to things material belongs to the great nonsense tradition of the films, their sole claim to distinction.

"Karamazov" (Tobis-Vanderbilt) represents the German studio film at its current best, a magnificently composed and photographed version of Dostoevski, a triumph of slow concentration of mood and of dark, corrosive film drama. It is a film of lights and pregnant shadows, of musical sleigh-bells and the sense of decay, an archaism of tortuous moods, with symbolic architectural close-ups in the new Russian manner. Fedor Ozep, the director, has given it the dulness of slow and silent and ingrown things without stopping the mobility of his cameras and the drama of his sound. His is a curious mixture of techniques—the rich luminosity of detail that marks the German school interspersed with the swift juxtapositions of bric-a-brac and branches heavy with rain that is peculiarly Russian. There may be something a little incongruous in the massing of German heads to set the Russian mood, but despite this, the film gives us a moving portrait of the old Russia that knew nothing of dynamos or tractors—a portrait which has a peculiar rich consistency too rare in the films. EVELYN GERSTEIN

Drama

A Promise Fulfilled

FOR several years now the admirers of Paul Green have been eager to advance him from the ranks of the promising young playwrights into the small company of mature dramatists. Hitherto these efforts have seemed to me premature; but in "The House of Connelly" (Martin Beck Theater) Mr. Green is coming of age at last, and to say that his play is by far the most interesting presented this season on Broadway would be to say much too little. As a whole it is very, very good; in places it reveals writing as fine as it has ever been my privilege to admire in an American drama, and today we may safely speak not of "promise" but of accomplishment.

Hitherto Mr. Green has never sufficiently emerged as an individual from the group of which he was a part. Assiduous cultivator of the "folk drama" and savior of the Little Theater movement, his plays seemed so much what they were expected to be that the curse of an all-too-obvious worthiness was upon them, and they were made for the approval of a cult. But in "The House of Connelly" he achieves a fully developed individuality of method and of flavor; he speaks with a voice unmistakably his own; and he proves that he has something really valuable to give. Moreover, his tone seems doubly original for the reason that it is so little related to that of the best of our other playwrights. Howard, Stallings, Rice, and, to some extent, also O'Neill resemble one another at least to the extent that they are harsh and violent, that they have made art out of crassness and brutality. But Paul Green introduces a fresh note of poetry of a different kind. He is gentle, elegiac, and melancholy. His play, despite its elements of violence, is tender without sentimentality and almost wholly beautiful.

Superficially, to be sure, the story which he tells is one which any other folk dramatist might have chosen. This tale of the aristocratic Connellys who were living (or rather dying) upon pride and memories until the plantation was rescued by the daughter of a poor-white tenant who took possession of the son of the family, is a tale which might easily be no more than laudably earnest, and it has, quite obviously, its sociological moral. But what raises it to its present high level is the fact that its author has discovered how to exploit in his own sensitive way the poetry of its implications. In his hands it becomes not so much a story as a quasi-musical "arrangement," in which we see and hear and feel a situation rich not only in conflicts but in pathos and charm and loveliness as well. Here is a civilization which is dying and which should die; a civilization which was founded upon arrogant privilege and which revealed its rottenness through the shameful, illegitimate misalliances which it commonly tolerated. But it was a civilization which had its elements of beauty as well as its pride and its fortitude, and Mr. Green makes us feel all these things. The collapse of the old order and the transformation of the last of the Connellys is not to be taken simply as the triumph of "progress." It is the end of something which was, like all things, both good and evil, and it is one more illustration of what "Uncle Bob," with his remote Latin culture, would surely and quite appropriately have called the *lacrimae rerum*.

The effect whch Mr. Green achieves is one which irresistibly suggests one of the miracles of Chekhov, and it is accomplished in somewhat the same way—by the employment, that is to say, of scenes and dialogues which are almost magically suggestive. It is, perhaps, chiefly on those few occasions when the author strikes a false note that one realizes how frequently he has succeeded in suggesting what could never be effectively said. Thus I am sure that I was not the only one in the audience who winced when the daughter of the house struck the dinner gong and remarked that "for a hundred years this gong has called the Connellys to dinner." It was exactly the thing that had been said so eloquently in every previous gesture that it seemed now fatuous and banal. But these slips are rare and serve only to remind one how rare they are. Atmosphere is generated one hardly knows how, and emotion steals out over the footlights like some at first imperceptible perfume. One is relatively indifferent as to what finally happens and Mr. Green is certainly best when he is merely exhibiting his characters, but certain personages and certain scenes —like the Christmas dinner—will not easily be forgotten. They have a power without violence which is rare and memorable.

At best "The House of Connelly" would have a struggle to achieve the recognition which it deserves. Under the circumstances it is doubly unfortunate that the Theater Guild (which is said to have had the play on hand for several years) should relinquish it at last to its junior group while devoting its own great resources to pieces as hollow as some it has undertaken. The present company struggles manfully, but no member of it, with the exception of Morris Carnovsky as "Uncle Bob," is as good as the role he plays.

"If I Were You" (Ambassador Theater) is the first of a series of plays which Mauricé Schwartz plans to give on Broadway. Translated from the Yiddish of Sholem Aleichem, it is somewhat old-fashioned, but it has a simplicity and sincerity which are genuinely charming. "The Breadwinner" (Booth Theater) is mostly talk and very far from being Somerset Maugham at his best. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

Plays to See

After Tomorrow—John Golden—W. 58 St.
Civic Opera Co.—Erlanger—W. 44 St.
Cloudy With Showers—Morosco—W. 45 St.
Good Companions—44 St. W. of B'way.
Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
He—Guild—52 W. of B'way.
If I Were You—Comedy—41 St. E. of B'way.
Ladies of Creation—Cort—W. 48 St.
Old Man Murphy—Hudson—W. 44 St.
Payment Deferred—Lyceum Theatre—45 St. E. of B'way.
Shoot the Works—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way and 43 St.
Singin' The Blues—Liberty—W. 42 St.
The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
The Breadwinner—Booth—45 St. W. of B'way.
The Constant Sinner—Royale—45 St. W. of B'way.
The House of Connelly—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Streets of New York—48 St.—E. of B'way.
Ziegfeld Follies—Ziegfeld—54 St. and 6 Ave.

SUNDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11th, AT 8:30
The Actor Managers, Inc., present
ANGNA ENTERS
Morosco Theatre 45th St. W. of B'way
in her Episodes and Compositions in Dance Form
7 NEW NUMBERS to be included on program.
"Entertainment is her business and she knows her business."—*Robert A. Simon, The New Yorker.*
Orch. $2.50 Balcony $2-$1.50-$1

EUROPA 154 West 55th St., Just East of 7th Ave., CIrcle 7-0129
Popular Prices — Continuous from noon to midnight!
The only worthy successor to "Two Hearts in Waltz Time"
The romantic German screen operetta
"DIE LINDERWIRTIN VOM RHEIM"
("The Inn at the Rhine")
With the most enchanting musical score to come from abroad.
English explanatory titles!
With KAETHE DORSCH, Germany's foremost light operetta diva.

A Clearing House of Opinion
THE GROUP
Meets at Auditorium 150 West 85th St.
TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13th, AT 8:30 P. M.
W. BERAN WOLFE, M.D.
(Author of: "How To Be Happy Though Human")
WILL SPEAK ON:
"LIVING AS A FINE ART"

INGERSOLL FORUM
135 W. 70th St. PYTHIAN TEMPLE New York
Sundays: 8 P. M. Admission, 25c.
Oct. 11th: "Is Atheism the World's Greatest Need?
George Bedborough vs. Joseph Brandon
For list of lectures and debates for next five months, write:
American Association for the Advancement of Atheism
307 East 14th Street New York City

The Institute of Arts and Sciences
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
A program of evening lectures, concerts, plays and recitals, carefully planned to cover the vital questions of the day in: **International Affairs, Politics, Philosophy, Exploration, Science, Literature and the arts.**
A few of the lecturers are:
WILLIAM BEEBE — STUART CHASE
SHERWOOD ANDERSON — H. A. OVERSTREET
MAX EASTMAN — ALFRED N. WHITEHEAD
WILL DURANT — RUTH ST. DENIS
Members' Annual Ticket ($15) admits to these and to more than 150 other worthwhile events in McMillin Academic Theater, Broadway at 116th Street. You may become a member and participate in this outstanding program.
SEND TODAY FOR COMPLETE ANNOUNCEMENT

□ AMUSEMENTS □ LECTURES □

44th St. THEA., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:40; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
BEST SEATS, EVES. $3; GOOD BALC. SEATS $1, $1.50, $2.00
GOOD COMPANIONS
By J. B. Priestley & Edward Knoblock—From Priestley's Famous Novel

MAURICE SCHWARTZ
and his company of players present
"IF I WERE YOU"
By Sholem Aleichem
A Comedy for Cultured People
COMEDY THEATRE 41st St. E. of Broadway
Evenings, 8:40. Best seats, $2.50
Wednesday and Saturday Matinees. Penn. 6-3558

GILBERT MILLER Presents
PAYMENT DEFERRED
A New Play by Jeffrey Dell
with CHARLES LAUGHTON
LYCEUM THEATRE, 45th St. E. of B'way
Evenings 8:30 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:30

Most Sensational Play of the Year!
MAE WEST
in THE CONSTANT SINNER
"As sound and respectable as Belasco's 'Lulu Belle'."
—Joseph Wood Krutch in *The Nation*
ROYALE THEATRE, W. 45th St. Evenings, 8:40 Mats.: Wed. & Sat.

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. Presents
"THE GEISHA" *with* JAMES T. POWERS and All Star Cast
Next Opera Oct. 26—"PIRATES OF PENZANCE"
Eves. 50c-$2.50. Wed. Mat. 50c-$1.50. Sat. Mat. 50c-$2.
ERLANGER THEATRE, W. 44th St. PEnn. 6-7963 Eves. 8:30

THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS
THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY
By PAUL GREEN
Under the Auspices of the Theatre Guild
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. & 8th Ave. PEnn 6-6100
Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30; evenings, 8:30

CHILD STUDY
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
Offers through its Study Groups an intensive study of the whole range of childhood from infancy through adolescence with specific groups on sex education, progressive education and a group for governesses. Groups led by members of the staff and other specialists meet for fifteen consecutive weeks beginning week of October 26th.
STUDY GROUP REGISTRATION
OCTOBER 20th, 22nd and 23rd
Telephone (Circle 7-7780) or write for detailed information and complete program of activities to the Child Study Assn. of America at
221 WEST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR! WAR! WAR!

The Arbitrator advocates absolute pacifism. It condemns military training and conscription. It contends that "defensive" war must be abandoned in order to make the Kellogg Pact effective. It supports Einstein's idea that 2 per cent of the people can stop war by declaring now their refusal to render war service.

Universal total disarmament is demanded of the coming conference at Geneva.

Among its readers, convinced or not, are Jane Addams, Harry Elmer Barnes, Jerome Davis, John Dewey, Havelock Ellis, Irving Fisher, Felix Frankfurter, John Haynes Holmes, Rockwell Kent, Florence C. Lamont, William A. Neilson, Oswald Garrison Villard and William Allen White.

"War Resistance" (20 cents) a pamphlet to turn peace-lovers into pacifists, will be sent free to new subscribers; also a "2%" button. Send 60 cents for a year's subscription to 114 East 31st Street, New York City.

PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

Pronunciation
Bad pronunciation is a serious handicap in every business or social circle. Correct your pronunciation by Webster's Collegiate.

Vocabulary
Build the comprehensive vocabulary that is worth so much by daily reference to the 106,000 words in Webster's Collegiate.

Definitions
Sure knowledge of words and their exact meanings is offered in clear, authoritative explanations in Webster's Collegiate.

Synonyms
Exactly the right word for every purpose is indicated in the full synonym treatment contained in Webster's Collegiate.

Word Usage
Why let blunders in your speech and writing put you at a disadvantage? Webster's Collegiate is a sure guide.

Webster's Collegiate

Will Quickly Clear up All Problems of Word Usage

It contains a full vocabulary of 106,000 words, with definitions, etymologies, pronunciations, and indications of proper use—a dictionary of Biography—a Gazetteer—a special section showing, with illustrations, the rules of punctuation, use of capitals, abbreviations, etc.—Foreign words and phrases—1,256 pages—1,700 illustrations.

The Best Abridged Dictionary

because it is based upon the "Supreme Authority"—Webster's New International Dictionary. *Thin-Paper Edition: Special Merriam Cloth, $5.00; Fabrikoid, $6.00; Leather, $7.50.*

Purchase of your bookseller or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information and free specimen pages.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.

Get The Best

No. 100 Broadway Springfield, Mass.

Some Notable Fall Books

ART, ARCHITECTURE

D'Harnoncourt, René. Mexicana: A Book of Pictures. Knopf. $3.50.

Ozenfant. Foundations of Modern Art. Trans. E. Allen Ashburn. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $5.

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS

Adami, Giuseppe, Ed. The Letters of Giacomo Puccini. Trans. Ena Makin. Lippincott. $3.50.

Andrews, C. F., Ed. Mahatma Gandhi at Work. Macmillan. $2.50.

Archer, Charles. William Archer. Yale University. $5.

Baker, Ray Stannard. Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters. Vols. III and IV. Doubleday. $10.

Baldwin, Charles C. Stanford White. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

Bekker, Paul. Richard Wagner. Trans. M. M. Bozman. Norton. $5.

Botcharsky, Sophie and Pier, Florida. The Kinsmen Know How to Die. Morrow. $3.

Botkin, Gleb. The Real Romanovs. Revell. $3.

Carré, Jean Marie. A Season in Hell: The Life of Arthur Rimbaud. Trans. Hannah and Matthew Josephson. Macaulay. $3.

Charteris, Evan. The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse. Harper. $5.

Clarke, Tom. My Northcliffe Diary. Cosmopolitan. $3.

Clemens, Clara. My Father: Mark Twain. Harper. $5.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. *Unpublished Letters of.* Edited by Earl Leslie Griggs. Smith. 2 vols.

De Casseres, Benjamin. Love Letters of a Living Poet. Smith. $2.50.

Delacroix, Eugène. The Journal of. Trans. Wallace Brockway. Covici-Friede. 2 vols. $10.

Drinkwater, John. An Autobiography. Holt. $3.

Dudley, Dorothy. Theodore Dreiser. Cape and Smith. $3.

Fay, Bernard. George Washington: Republican Aristocrat. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

Ferguson, J. De Lancey. The Letters of Robert Burns. Oxford. 2 vols. $15.

Ford, Ford Madox. Return to Yesterday: An Autobiography. Liveright. $4.

Gerhardi, William. Memoirs of a Polyglot. Knopf. $3.75.

Garland, Hamlin. Companions on the Trail. Macmillan. $3.50.

Goldman, Emma. Living My Life. Knopf. 2 vols. $7.50.

Guedalla, Philip. Wellington. Harper. $5.

Hackett, Francis. The Life of Francis I. Doubleday, Doran. $5.

Hagedorn, Hermann. Leonard Wood: A Biography. Harper. 2 vols. $10.

Hall, Walter P. Mr. Gladstone. Norton. $3.

Hapgood, Norman. Shelley. Norton. $3.

Harris, Frank. Bernard Shaw. Simon and Schuster. $5.

Harris, Julia Collier. Joel Chandler Harris: Editor and Essayist. University of North Carolina. $4.

Harrison, Charles Yale. Clarence Darrow: Man of the People. Cape and Smith. $4.

Hergesheimer, Joseph. Sheridan. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

Holt, Anne. The life of Joseph Priestley. Oxford. $3.50.

Hyden, Walford. Pavlova. Little, Brown. $3.

Josephson, Matthew. Jean Jacques Rousseau. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kaun, Alexander. Maxim Gorky and His Russia. Cape and Smith. $5.
Koht, Halvdan. The Life of Ibsen. Trans. Ruth Lima. Norton. 2 vols. $7.50.
Lewis, D. B. Wyndham. Charles of Europe: Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire and a Renaissance Conflict. Coward-McCann. $5.
Ludwig, Emil. Gifts of Life. Trans. Ethel Colburn Mayne and M. I. Robertson. Little, Brown. $4.
Masefield, Muriel, Ed. The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay (Frances Burney). Dutton. $3.75.
Maurois, André. Lyautey. Appleton. $3.50.
McAdoo, William Gibbs. Crowded Years. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
Michaud, Regis. William James. Holt. $3.50.
Newman, Ernest. Fact and Fiction About Wagner. Knopf. $3.50.
Petrie, Flinders. Seventy Years in Archaeology. Holt. $5.
Palmer, Frederick. Newton D. Baker: America at War. Dodd, Mead. 2 vols. $7.50.
Porter, Kenneth W. John Jacob Astor. Harvard University. 2 vols. $10.
Postgate, R. W. Dear Robert Emmet. Vanguard. $3.50.
Pound, Arthur and Moore, Samuel Taylor, Eds. More They Told Barron: Notes of the Late Clarence W. Barron. Harper. $5.
Pringle, Henry F. Theodore Roosevelt. Harcourt, Brace. $5.
Reese, Lizette Woodworth. The York Road. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.
Reid, Edith Gittings. The Great Physician. Oxford. $3.50.
Restarick, Henry Bond. Sun Yat Sen. Yale. $2.50.
Rhys, Ernest. Everyman Remembers. Cosmopolitan. $4.
Ritter, Halsted L. Washington as a Business Man. Sears. $3.50.
Russell, Charles Edward. Blaine of Maine: His Life and Times. Cosmopolitan. $5.
Rynning, Thomas H. Gun Notches. Stokes. $3.
St. John, Christopher. Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence. Putnam. $5.
Sanger, Margaret. My Fight for Birth Control. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.
Spiller, Robert E. Fenimore Cooper: Critic of His Times. Minton, Balch. $3.50.
Tate, Allen. Robert E. Lee. Minton, Balch. $5.
Todd, Mabel Loomis, Ed. Letters of Emily Dickinson. Harper. $5.
Tomlinson, H. M. Norman Douglas. Harper. $2.50.
Weigall, Arthur. The Life and Times of Marc Antony. Putnam. $5.
Wright, Frank Lloyd. An Autobiography. Longmans, Green. $5.

DRAMA, MUSIC

Galsworthy, John. The Roof. Scribner. $1.
Hanau, Stella and Deutsch, Helen. The Provincetown: A Story of the Theatre. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.
Huxley, Aldous. The World of Light. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
Larkin, Margaret and Black, Helen. Singing Cowboy. Knopf. $3.50.
Nicoll, Allardyce. Masks, Mimes, and Miracles. Harcourt, Brace. $15.
Nicoll, Allardyce. The Theory of Drama. Cromwell. $2.50.
O'Neill, Eugene. Mourning Becomes Electra. Liveright. $2.50.
Pirandello, Luigi. As You Desire Me. Dutton. $2.50.
Pirandello, Luigi. Lazzaro. Dutton. $2.50.
Sobel, Bernard. Burleycue: An Underground History of Burlesque Days. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.

Russian Linen Smocks

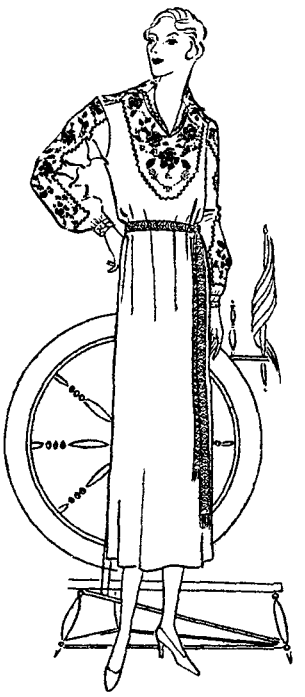
Every one is an individual design depicting emotions of the peasant women who have been making these smocks for themselves for centuries. They are washable, made of homespun linen embroidered with the characteristic cross stitch.

Buy One Now!
$7.75 and $9.75
Handwoven Belt 50c & $1.

Never, anywhere, have Russian Smocks of this quality been sold at this price.

Mail orders filled and money refunded if you are not satisfied.

We carry also a full line of peasant dresses and blouses in silk and wool—as well as children's dresses.



PLEASANT ART IMPORTING CO., INC.
38 WEST 57 STREET

From earliest times to the rise of Capitalism, by Russia's brilliant historian and present Vice-Commissar of Education.

HISTORY OF RUSSIA
By Prof. M. N. Pokrovsky ($3.50)

THE 5-YEAR PLAN OF THE SOVIET UNION
By G. T. Grinko ($3.50)

SUCCESS OF THE 5-YEAR PLAN
By V. M. Molotov ($1.25)

RED VILLAGES
By Y. A. Yakovlev ($1.50)

Three highly authoritative, first-hand accounts of the Five Year Plan.

At all Bookstores

Complete Catalog From
INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS
381 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wilder, Thornton. The Long Christmas Dinner and Other Plays. Coward-McCann and Yale University. $2.50.

ECONOMICS, SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, LAW

Anderson, Sherwood. Perhaps Women. Liveright. $2.
Angell, Norman. The Unseen Assassins. Harper. $3.
Anonymous. Washington Merry-Go-Round. Liveright. $3.
Bimba, Anthony. The Molly Maguires. International. $1.50.
Beard, Mary R. On Understanding Women. Longmans, Green. $3.50.
Calverton, V. F. and Schmalhausen, Samuel D. Woman's Coming of Age. Liveright. $5.
Davis, Michael M. Paying Your Sickness Bills. University of Chicago. $2.50.
Duffield, Marcus. King Legion: A Study of the American Legion. Cape and Smith. $3.
Ehrenburg, Ilya. 10 H.P.: The Life of the Auto. Trans. George Reavey. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Embree, Edwin R. Brown America: The Story of a New Race. Viking. $2.50.
Ernst, Morris L. America's Primer. Putnam. $2.
Fetter, Frank A. The Masquerade of Monopoly. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Flynn, John T. Graft in Business. Vanguard. $3.
Fraenkel, Osmond K. The Sacco-Vanzetti Case. Knopf. $5.
Gauvreau, Emile. Hot News. Macaulay. $2.
Gruening, Ernest. "The Public Pays": A Study of Power Propaganda. Vanguard. $2.50.
Hale, Ruth. Woman's Advance in America. Duffield and Green. $3.50.
Hopkins, Ernest Jerome. Our Lawless Police. Viking. $3.
Keynes, John Maynard and Others. Unemployment as a World-Problem. University of Chicago. $3.
Knickerbocker, H. R. Fighting the Red Trade Menace. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
Labor Research Association. Labor Fact Book. International. $2.
Laidler, Harry W. Concentration of Control in American Industry. Crowell. $3.75.
Levin, Jack. Power Ethics. Knopf. $2.
Levine, Isaac Don. Red Smoke. McBride. $3.50.
Lichtenberger, J. P. Divorce: A Social Interpretation. Whittlesey House. $4.
Lief, Alfred, Ed. Representative Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes. Vanguard. $4.50.
Long, Ray. One Unprejudiced View of Russia. Smith. $1.50.
McCracken, Duane. Strike Injunctions in the New South. University of North Carolina. $3.
Nearing, Scott. War. Vanguard. $3.
Pink, Alderton. A Realist Looks at Democracy. Stokes. $2.50.
Playne, Caroline E. Society at War. Houghton Mifflin. $4.
Schacht, Hjalmar. The End of Reparations. Trans. Lewis Gannett. Cape and Smith. $3.
Shields, Art and Lowell, Esther. Labor in the South. International. $2.
Strunsky, Simeon. The Rediscovery of Jones. Little, Brown. $2.
Soule, George. A Planned Society. Macmillan.
Strong, Anna Louise. The Soviets Conquer Wheat. Holt. $2.50.
Suranyi-Unger, Theo. Economics in the Twentieth Century. Norton. $4.
Wingfield-Stratford, Esmé. They That Take the Sword. Morrow. $4.

ESSAYS, CRITICISM, LITERARY HISTORY

Bercovici, Konrad. Manhattan Side Show. Century. $5.
Boynton, Percy Holmes. The Rediscovery of the Frontier. University of Chicago. $2.50.
Burke, Kenneth. Counter-Statement. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Canby, Henry Seidel. Classic Americans. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Chapman, John Jay. Lucian, Plato and Greek Morals. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
Collier, John, Ed. The Scandal and Credulities of John Aubrey. Appleton. $2.50.
De Sanctis, Francesco. History of Italian Literature. Harcourt, Brace. 2 vols. $7.50.
Eastman, Max. The Literary Mind: Its Place in the Age of Science. Scribner. $2.50.
Ellis, Havelock. More Essays of Love and Virtue. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
Firor, Ruth A. Folkways in Thomas Hardy. University of Pennsylvania. $3.
Knight, G. Wilson. The Imperial Theme. Oxford. $5.
Langdon, Stephen Herbert. Semitic Mythology. Vol. V of the Mythology of All Races. Marshall Jones. $10.
Lawrence, D. H. Apocalypse. Knopf. $2.50.
Macaulay, Rose. Some Religious Elements in English Literature. Harcourt, Brace. $1.25.
Macy, John. American Writers on American Literature. Liveright. $5.
Mumford, Lewis. The Brown Decades: A Study of the Arts in America, 1865-1895. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Rascoe, Burton, Ed. Holy Hollywood. King. $2.
Repplier, Agnes. Times and Tendencies. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
Stewart, Jean. Poetry in France and England. Harcourt, Brace. $1.25.
Strachey, Lytton. Portraits in Miniature and Other Essays. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Thorndike, Ashley H. The Outlook for Literature. Macmillan. $2.

FICTION

Aldington, Richard. The Colonel's Daughter. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Baker, George. Ebenezer Walks with God. Macmillan. $2.
Barnes, Margaret Ayer. Westward Passage. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
Bradford, Roark. John Henry. Harper. $2.50.
Brown, Rollo Walter. The Firemakers. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
Burnett, W. R. The Silver Eagle. Dial. $2.
Canfield, Dorothy. Basque People. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Cantwell, Robert. Laugh and Lie Down. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.
Cather, Willa. Shadows on the Rock. Knopf. $2.50.
Colby, Merle. All Ye People. Viking. $2.50.
Colette. The Other One. Cosmopolitan. $2.
Cozzens, James Gould. S.S. San Pedro. Harcourt, Brace. $1.50.
Cronin, A. J. Hatter's Castle. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Dabit, Eugène. Hotel Du Nord. Trans. Homer P. Earle. Knopf. $2.50.
Davis, George. The Opening of a Door. Harper. $2.50.
Dell, Floyd. Love Without Money. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.
Döblin, Alfred. Alexanderplatz, Berlin. Trans. Eugene Jolas. Viking. 2 vols. $5.
Dos Passos, John. 1919. Harper. $2.50.
Dunsany, Lord. The Travel Tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkens. Putnam. $2.
Eidlitz, Walther. Zodia. Trans. Eric Sutton. Harper. $2.50.
Erskine, John. Unfinished Business. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RESORTS

RESORTS

SCHILDKRAUT'S ON THE HUDSON

Open all winter

Schildkraut's Pine Terrace Hotel and Camp, at Highland Falls, is now fantastically garbed in a riot of autumn colors to thrill your very soul.

A big variety of outdoor sports to promote health, pleasure and happiness awaits you.

Take advantage of this wonderful opportunity for Columbus Day Weekend.

Saturday, Oct. 10, to Monday, Columbus Day, Oct. 12—reduced rate **$12.50**

We pay your fare both ways on bus or train, or Day Line. Bus leaves for Highland Falls 4:30 P.M. at Nevins Bus Terminal, 31st St. and 6th Ave., or 33rd St.

Tel. Highland Falls 340 or 923

SUCCESSFUL CONFERENCES

require the superb facilities of UNITY

Large social hall, special conference rooms, lounges and porches for smaller group meetings, and an ideal setting in the Pocono Mountains.

Spring Conferences Conducted in past seasons by FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A, Students Division, etc.

Complete camp facilities with hotel comforts. Accommodations for 600 delegates or smaller groups.

UNITY HOUSE

FOREST PARK, PA.

Operated on non-profit basis by I.L.G.W.U.

For details write

J. HALPERN *Mgr.*

3 W. 16th St. *New York City*

An ideal place for Autumn vacations. ¶WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Conn., 83 miles from Columbus Circle, elevation 1000 feet. ¶Hospitality that is unique. It brings back friends year after year. Twelfth season. ¶Riding, mountain climbing, tennis and swimming, or rest and quiet if you want it. ¶Interesting people. ¶Rates $8 a day, $49 a week. Telephone New Milford 440. EDWARD G. OHMER, Proprietor.

OPEN SHELF

ATHEISM

Book catalog FREE. Tracts, 10c.
Am. Assn. for Adv. of Atheism
307 E. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

CURIOUS BOOKS

Privately printed limited editions. Unexpurgated translations. Esoterica.

Send for Catalogue

The Falstaff Press
Dept. N., 489 Fifth Ave., New York

A Best Seller for One Dollar

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

By STUART CHASE and F. J. SCHLINK

A book that will pay for itself in one day's purchases.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY · NEW YORK

PERSONAL

A NEWLY formed Jewish American group devoted to free discussion of vital topics and sociability wishes a few additional young men and women, ages 23 to 30. No dues. Box 518, c/o *The Nation*.

An Advertisement of

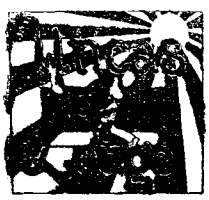
HOUSE TO RENT *or* APARTMENT TO RENT

in a space this size, will get answers, in *The Nation*.

Rate $6.16

THE NATION - - 20 Vesey St., N. Y.

New telephone number—COrtlandt 7-3330



Autumnal Colors in the Connecticut Hills

Uncas Lodge

UNCASVILLE, CONN.
165 Acres Rustic Beauty
Private Lake
Clay Tennis Courts—Handball
Horseback—Ping Pong
Special Columbus Day Week-End. 3 Fine Days—$10.00
Phone Norwich 1858, Ring 5
Diana Berman Abe Berman
Free Transportation from New London to Camp

RECUPERATION CREATION

at THE CRYSTAL VILLA
Woodcliff Lake, N. J.

23 miles from N. Y. Fare 90c. Combines country pleasure with city conveniences. Ideal for convalescents. Cater to diets. Bracing walks, wholesome Jewish-American table. Refinement. Congeniality. Rates considerably reduced. Phone, Park Ridge 404.

FOR relaxation, beautiful country and pleasant companionship; phone to
The HIL-BERT HOUSE
Lake Mahopac, N. Y.
HILL FRIEDBERG, Prop. Tel. Mahopac 353

UNUSUAL SHOPS
with unusual things to sell—

MEET IN
THE NATION

Unusual people with
UNUSUAL TASTES

Write us for rates. 20 Vesey St.
Tel. CO rtlandt 7-3330

All Autumn week ends at the Lodge are delightful,—but one stands out prominently as a gala occasion. Reserve accommodations early for Oct. 31st. You'll have lots of fun here on

HALLOWE'EN

For the convenience of our weekend guests: Our bus leaves the city each Saturday at 3:30 P.M. (from WOODLAWN STATION; last stop on Jerome Ave. line) and starts homeward from the Lodge each Sunday at 9:30 P.M. $1.00 for the round trip.

By railway: N. Y. Central to Harmon station

BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE

FURNACE DOCK RD. PEEKSKILL, N. Y.
PHONE PEEKSKILL 1403

ZINDOREST PARK

Monroe, N. Y. Phone 300

A Millionaire's estate of 150 acres surrounded by most gorgeous woodland, orchards, ponds, brooks and lake.

All outdoor and indoor sports; ideal for a vacation or week-end.

1½ hours on Erie R.R., Bus or Route 17.

OPEN ALL YEAR

MM. and MRS. Arthur Hyatt Morse offer *English Hospitality* to limited number of discriminating adults at *Erewhon*. 100 acres. New York 49 miles Erie Main Line. Hiking, tennis, boating, swimming, saddle-horses nearby. $5 daily; $30 weekly. Telephone 13F3, Monroe.

FOR delightful vacations — or week-ends. TOPSTONE FARM, in the Connecticut hills, restful, secluded. We keep our own saddle horses, and provide instruction. Swimming. Address: R. F. D. 4, Ridgefield, Conn. Phone: Ridgefield 648.

NATURE PATH RESORT
Watchung Mountains

Original vegetarian meals. Modern improvements. 45 minutes out. $20 a week. $3 a day. Mt. Bethel Rd., Plainfield, N. J. Plainfield 6-1474—J1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fabricius, Johan. The Love of Mario Ferraro. Trans. Winifred Katzin. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.
Faulkner, William. These Thirteen. Cape and Smith. $2.50.
Ferber, Edna. American Beauty. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
Galsworthy, John. Maid in Waiting. Scribner. $2.50.
Giono, Jean. Lovers Are Never Losers. Brentano's. $2.
Gordon, Caroline. Penhally. Scribner. $2.50.
Gregory, Alyse. Hester Craddock. Longmans, Green. $2.
Hamsun, Knut. August. Coward-McCann. $3.
Hecht, Ben. The Champion from Far Away. Covici-Friede. $2.50.
Herrick, Robert. The End of Desire. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Kaye-Smith, Sheila. Susan Spray. Harper. $2.50.
Kennedy, Margaret. Return I Dare Not. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Kipling, Rudyard. New Stories. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Kuhn, Franz and Endore, Guy, Trans. Kin Ping Meh. Kendall. $5.
La Farge, Oliver. Sparks Fly Upward. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
Leonov, Leonid. The Thief. Trans. Hubert Butler. Dial. $3.
Lewisohn, Ludwig. The Golden Vase. Harper. $2.50.
Mann, F. O. Albert Grope. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Maugham, W. Somerset. In the First Person Singular. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Millin, Sarah Gertrude. The Sons of Mrs. Aab. Liveright. $2.50.
Milne, A. A. Two People. Dutton. $2.50.
Mitchison, Naomi. The Corn King and the Spring Queen. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.
Muir, Edwin. The Three Brothers. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
O'Neil, George. Special Hunger: The Tragedy of Keats. Liveright. $2.50.
Ossorgin, Michael. My Sister's Story. Dial. $2.
Penzoldt, Ernst. The Marvellous Boy. Trans. Eleanor Wolff and John J. Trounstine. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Pilnyak, Boris. The Volga Falls to the Caspian Sea. Cosmopolitan. $2.50.
Pinski, David. The Generations of Noah Edon. Macaulay. $2.50.
Powys, John Cowper. A Glastonbury Romance. Simon and Schuster. Vol. I. $3.
Proust, Marcel. The Past Recaptured. A. and C. Boni. $2.50.
Putnam, Samuel, Ed. The European Caravan. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $5.
Raynolds, Robert. Brothers in the West. Harper. $2.50.
Roberts, Elizabeth Madox. A Buried Treasure. Viking. $2.50.
Rölvaag, O. E. Their Fathers' Gold. Harper. $2.50.
Roth, Joseph. Job: The Story of a Simple Man. Trans. Dorothy Thompson. $2.50.
Saint-Mandé, Milfred. Men at War. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
Schnitzler, Arthur. Flight into Darkness. Trans. William A. Drake. Simon and Schuster. $2.
Scott, Evelyn. A Calendar of Sin. Cape and Smith. 2 vols. $5.
Sinclair, Upton. The Wet Parade. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Smith, Susan. The Glories of Venus. Harper. $2.50.
Stone, Grace Zaring. The Almond Tree. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.
Suckow, Ruth. Children and Older People. Knopf. $2.50.
Undset, Sigrid. The Wild Orchid. Trans. Arthur G. Chater. Knopf. $2.50.
Vandercook, John. Forty Stay In. Harper. $2.50.
Wassermann, Jacob. Doctor Kerkhoven. Trans. C. H. Brooks. Liveright. $3.
Williamson, Henry. The Dream of Fair Women. Dutton. $2.50.
Williamson, Thames. In Krusack's House. Harcourt, Brace, $2.
Woolf, Virginia. The Waves. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

HISTORY

Adams, James Truslow. The Epic of America. Little, Brown. $4.
Barker, Ruth Laughlin. Caballeros: The Romance of Santa Fe and the Southwest. Appleton. $3.
Baumont, Maurice. The Fall of the Kaiser. Knopf. $2.75.
Bolton, Herbert Eugene. Outpost of Empire: The Story of the Founding of San Francisco. Knopf. $5.
Chase, Stuart and Tyler, Marian. Mexico: A Study of Two Americas. Macmillan. $3.
Churchill, Winston S. The Unknown War: The Story of the World War on the Eastern Front. Scribner. $5.
Diffie, Bailey W. and White, Justine. Porto Rico: A Broken Pledge. Vanguard. $2.
Eddy, Sherwood. The Challenge of the East. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Friedell, Egon. A Cultural History of the Modern Age. Vol. II: From the Thirty Years' War to the Congress of Vienna. Trans. Charles Francis Atkinson. Knopf. $5.
Graves, William S. America's Siberian Adventure. Cape and Smith. $3.
Grousset, René. India. Vol. II of "The Civilizations of the East." Trans. Catherine Alison Phillips. Knopf. $7.50.
Johnson, Charles S. Bitter Canaan: The Story of Slavery in Liberia. Holt. $3.50.
Langer, William L. European Alliances and Alignments. Knopf. $5.
Mars, Price. Black Gods. Mohawk. $3.50.
Morand, Paul. 1900 A. D. Payson. $2.50.
Morse, Hosea Ballou and MacNair, Harley Farnsworth. Far Eastern International Relations. Houghton Mifflin. $6.
Rippy, J. Fred. The Capitalists and Colombia. Vanguard. $2.
Rosenberg, Arthur. The Rise of the German Republic. Trans. Ian Morrow. Oxford. $5.
Schneider, Hermann. The History of World Civilizations: From Prehistoric Times to the Middle Ages. Trans. Margaret M. Green. Harcourt, Brace. 2 vols. $10.
Schuyler, George. Slaves Today! The Story of Liberia. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $2.50.
Sforza, Count Carlo. European Dictatorships. Brentano's. $3.
Showerman, Grant. Rome and the Romans. Macmillan. $5.
Sieburg, Friedrich. France at the Crossroads. Trans. Alan Harris. Macmillan. $2.50.
Trotzky, Leon. The History of the Russian Revolution. Trans. Max Eastman. A. and C. Boni. $5.
Webster, C. K. The Foreign Policy of Castlereagh, 1812-1815. Harcourt, Brace. $7.50.
Wilson, Sir Arnold. Mesopotamia, 1917-1920: A Clash of Loyalties. Oxford. Vol. II. $10.
Yakhontoff, Victor A. Russia and the Soviet Union in the Far-East. Coward-McCann. $5.

PHILOSOPHY, PSYCHOLOGY, RELIGION, EDUCATION, SCIENCE, ANTHOPOLOGY

Adams, Grace. Psychology: Science or Superstition? Covici-Friede. $2.50.
Adams, James Truslow. The Tempo of Modern Life. A. and C. Boni. $3.
Austin, Mary. Experiences Facing Death. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEETINGS

"The Vagabonds Club"

52 East 8th St., N. Y. C.

One Flight Up

Wed.—8:30 P.M.—Book Review—Discussion.
Fri.—8:30 P.M.—Lecture—Discussion.
Sat.—8:30 P.M.—"The Bohemian Party."
Sun.—8:30 P.M.—Poetry Recital or Musicale.

Refreshments Gratis Subscription—50 Cents

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of *The Nation*, published weekly, Wednesday at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1931.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of *The Nation*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Nation, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Margaret De Silver, 98 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Katherine S. Dreier, 88 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.; Mary Knoblauch, 55th Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Agnes Brown Leach, 170 East 64th Street, New York, N. Y.; Ellen McMurtrie, 1104 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Maria C. Scattergood, 355 Bourse Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. L. Selene, 334 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Edward S. Waters, 52 William Street, New York, N .Y.; Maurice Wertheim, 57 William Street, New York, N. Y.; Estate of J. Wertheim, Central Union Trust Co., 80 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1931.

R. B. COUSINS

My commission expires March 30, 1933.
(Seal)

RENTALS

UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS

COOPERATIVE renting—A group of professional people are taking roomy, old house in Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. Two 3-room apartments and two single rooms still available. Write to Box 515, c/o *The Nation*.

ROOMS

IN charming Swiss home, conveniently situated in Rye, top floor, two bedrooms and studio. For one to two persons board can be arranged. If elements in this appeal to you, please telephone Rye 1647, 12-2.

LARGE room, with or without board. Either one or two persons. Quiet neighborhood; fine transportation; 40 minutes from downtown Manhattan. Private family. Staten Island. Tel. Beekman 3-1577. Mr. Barnard.

GERMANY—BOARD

BEDROOM, private sitting room and bath, with board, in a private family in Munich. Very reasonable rates. Write STEINDLER, Munchen 23, Mainzerstrasse 5. (Germany).

APARTMENT WANTED

PROFESSIONAL couple seek city apartment. Will exchange for rent, responsible occupancy, or several hours daily of business, secretarial or literary services. References exchanged. Box 517, c/o *The Nation*.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

UNIVERSITY graduate, 26, wishes to find personable, mature minded young woman to share her furnished apartment. Living expenses very moderate. Very convenient locality. Near I.R.T. and 5th Ave. Bus. Tel. Watkins 9-9636.

FARM FOR SALE

RESTLESS author will sell 85 acre farm; unspoiled Pennsylvania Dutch hill country; 75 miles from New York; fine old stone house, 8 rooms, furnace, electricity, running water, fireplace; 3 outbuildings remodeled for living; stream, woodland, immense stone barn, chicken house, silo, etc.; pheasant, quail on property; 1 mile Delaware river. HOOVER SACRIFICE at $6,500; terms. Phone Spring 7-8245 or write Box 519, c/o *The Nation*.

CHILDREN—BOARD

AMERICAN Jewish lady with large beautiful home at seashore, will board a few children of school age. Call Mayflower 9-4924.

PARTNER WANTED

Partner wanted to vegetarian resort.
Write DR. ISRAEL SHMID,
Mount Bethel Road Plainfield, N. J.
Telephone Plainfield 6-1474—J1.

Landlords:—

If you are worrying about renting your apartments or houses, there are 35,000 readers of The Nation who consult The Nation for all their needs.

STOP WORRYING—an advertisement in this section will only cost you $3.08 for 30 words (minimum) and will be seen for a week.

THE NATION
20 Vesey St., N. Y. CO 7-3330

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

BEACON HILL SCHOOL
Harting, Petersfield, England

Bertrand and Dora Russell. Applies modern knowledge in diet, teaching methods and psychology. Vacancies this autumn for children from 2 up to and including 11 years. Address enquiries Principal.

The Durlach Study Group

Twenty-four Hour Education!

Through our special program school and home combine to give the child the benefit of modern training during the entire day. Hours 9-1.

875 Park Ave., N. Y. C. **Ages 3-7**

EDUCATIONAL

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH
SPANISH - ITALIAN - GERMAN

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers.
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN GERMAN RUSSIAN

Conversational method. Native teachers Private lessons. 75c short courses 9 to 9 daily. 22nd year.
FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

TEACHER (lady) Russian language, simple efficient methods, special training for those contemplating trip. $1.00 lesson. Tel. Ludlow 7-2332, or Box 521, c/o *The Nation*.

HELP WANTED

EXTRA MONEY SPARE TIME
SELL XMAS CARDS
Sell Beautiful 24 Card Christmas box assortment for $1. Your profit 50c a box. Friends, neighbors buy on sight. Extraordinary value. Amazing money-maker. No experience needed. Sample box sent on approval. (Address nearest office.)
CRAFT ENGRAVING CO.
480 Canal Street (Dept. N), New York, N. Y.
2032 Locust Street (Dept. N), St. Louis, Mo.
787 Thirty-third Ave (Dept. N), San Francisco, Cal.

PROFESSIONAL

EXCELLENT opportunities for Jewish Naturopath or Debunked M.D. sincerely desiring ideal simple life in Florida. Write qualifications fully to Natural Health Foods Co., Zephyr Hills, Florida.

POSITIONS WANTED

NEWSPAPER man, college education, tested literary ability, interested in social sciences, age 24 and desperate, will take anything anywhere. Box 513, c/o *The Nation*.

YOUNG college woman, able to do manuscript work, part or full time. Experience in office routine. Box 514, c/o *The Nation*.

GRADUATE NURSE-COMPANION-HOUSEKEEPER, German. College graduate. Highest references, wishes position in city, sleep out. Box 516, c/o *The Nation*.

ATTORNEY, admitted three years, thoroughly experienced, desires connection, salary secondary. Box 520, c/o *The Nation*.

YOUNG man, married, A.B., LL.B., graduate student economics, experienced teaching and law, seeks work, part, full time. Box 522, c/o *The Nation*.

STENOGRAPHER, intelligent; exceptionally rapid, technical, legal, literary. Box 523, c/o *The Nation*.

MEDICAL STUDENT (female) will exchange services for room and board—lower Manhattan. Box 524, c/o *The Nation*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Burns, C. Delisle. Modern Civilization on Trial. Macmillan. $2.50.
Clendening, Logan. The Care and Feeding of Adults. Knopf. $2.50.
Delamain, Jacques. Why the Birds Sing. Trans. Ruth and Anna Sarason. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
Dewey, John. Philosophy and Civilization. Minton, Balch. $5.
Dorsey, George A. Man's Own Show: Civilization. Harper. $5.
Everyman's Encyclopaedia. Dutton. 12 vols. $30.
Frank, Waldo. America Hispaña. Scribner. $3.50.
Geddes, Patrick and Thomson, J. Arthur. Life: Outlines of General Biology. Harper. 2 vols. $15.
Harding, T. Swann. The Degradation of Science. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.
Heard, Gerald. Social Substance of Religion. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Huxley, Julian S. Problems in Relative Growth. Dial. $3.
Huxley, Julian S. What Dare I Think? The Challenge of Modern Science. Harper. $2.50.
Jung, C. G. and Wilhelm, Richard. The Secret of the Golden Flower. Trans. Cary F. Baynes. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.
Keith, Arthur. The Place of Prejudice in Modern Civilization. Day. $1.25.
Living Philosophies: A Series of Intimate Credos. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.
Planck, Max. The Universe in the Light of Modern Times. Norton. $2.
Powys, Llewelyn. Impassioned Clay. Longmans, Green. $2.
Reik, Theodor. Ritual: Psychoanalytic Studies. Norton. $5.
Rose, William, Ed. An Outline of Modern Thought. By Twenty-Four Contributors. Putnam. $5.
Russell, Bertrand. The Scientific Outlook. Norton. $3.

POETRY

Adams, Franklin P. Christopher Columbus. Viking. $2.
Aiken, Conrad. The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones. Scribner. $2.
Aiken, Conrad. Preludes: Poems. Scribner. $2.50.
Auslander, Joseph, Trans. The Sonnets of Petrarch. Longmans, Green. $2.50.
Bynner, Witter. Eden Tree. Knopf. $2.50.
Cendrars, Blaise. Panama or the Adventures of My Seven Uncles. Trans. and illus. John Dos Passos. Harper. $3.50.
Cummings, E. E. W.(Viva). Liveright. $2.50.
Dillon, George. The Flowering Stone. Viking. $1.75.
Jeffers, Robinson. Poems. Random House. $7.50.
Masefield, John. Minnie Maylow's Story and Other Tales and Scenes. Macmillan. $1.75.
Masters, Edgar Lee. Godbey. Dodd, Mead. $3.
Porter, Alan. The Signature of Pain and Other Poems. Day. $2.50.
Robinson, E. A. Matthias at the Door. Macmillan. $1.75.
Stephens, James. Strict Joy and Other Poems. Macmillan. $1.50.
Untermeyer, Louis. American Poetry. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Walton, Eda Lou. Jane Matthew and Other Poems. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $2.

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY, ARCHAEOLOGY

Hrdlicka, Ales. From My Journeys. Liveright. $4.
Kent, Rockwell. A Letter from Greenland. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $2.50.
O'Flaherty, Liam. I Went to Russia. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Spratling, William. Little Mexico. Cape and Smith. $4.
Waugh, Alec. Most Women. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

Forthcoming OXFORD BOOKS
of special interest to readers of *The Nation*

The Rise of the GERMAN REPUBLIC
By Arthur Rosenberg
Translated by Ian Morrow
Deals authoritatively with the breakup of Bismarck's constitution under the stress of war. By the official Reporter to the Reichstag Commission.
Probable Price, $5.00

ENGLAND and the International Policy of the European Powers, 1874-1914.
By A. F. Pribram
An Austrian view.
Probable Price, $4.50

The English in INDIA
By Sir John Marriott
An historical consideration of the present problem. $2.50

A History of the POUND STERLING
By A. F. Feavearyear $5.00

FOR 80 YEARS
THE HOUSE OF DUTTON
HAS PUBLISHED
BOOKS OF QUALITY
FOR THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

If you will send us your name and address, we will be delighted to mail you a free copy of our new illustrated Fall Catalogue, giving complete descriptions of all our new Fall books.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.
300 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.
HARRY W. LAIDLER, a director of the League for Industrial Democracy and the author of "Concentration of Control in American Industry," has recently returned from Germany.
MAXWELL S. STEWART is an economist on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.
NEWTON ARVIN is professor of English at Smith College.
STANLEY J. KUNITZ is the author of a volume of poems, "Intellectual Things."
THOMAS HORNSBY FERRILL was the winner of *The Nation's* poetry contest in 1927.
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, the author of "Testament of a Critic," is the dramatic critic of *Vanity Fair*.
CARL VAN DOREN, a contributing editor of *The Nation* and editor-in-chief of the Literary Guild, is the author of "Swift."
HORACE GREGORY has recently published a translation of Catullus.
EDA LOU WALTON, associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, is the author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."
ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER is professor of history at Columbia University.
CLIFTON FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED